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Week of Feb. 8, 1948



Mata Hari
Posed by Yvonne De Carlo
Universal-International Star

Enchantresses of the Ages

By Henry Clive
Read John Erskine's Story
On Next Page

The Girl's Dancing Was Poor, but Her Magnetic Power to Captivate Men Who Were Old Enough to Know Better Made Her an Invaluable Spy.

By John Erskine

THE woman who called herself Mata Hari was the most notorious German spy in World War I. Before the war she was an international courtesan. To fumigate her activities she tried to build up for herself an exotic background.

So effectively did she exert her imagination that it is now difficult, or impossible, to untangle the facts of her life. The best sources are the records of the French Secret Police.

In 1905, when she made her debut in Paris as an exotic dancer, she began each performance with a speech telling the audience who she was.

The accounts varied from day to day as she happened to think of something better, but in the course of time she settled upon this formula:

She was born in the south of India, on the coast of Malabar. Her parents were both of Brahmin caste.

Her mother was a child-wife who at the age of 14 died of the effort to bring Mata Hari into the world.

The infant was christened by the temple priest; Mata Hari means

Illustrated
by
R. F. SCHABELITZ



Mata Hari's MANY CONQUESTS

though all good-looking men attracted her, army officers were irresistible.

At the Hague she met and married Captain Campbell McCleod, a Scottish officer in the Dutch Colonial forces. She accompanied him when he was assigned to service in Java.

She never saw any other region of the Orient, but she devoured books on costumes and ritual dances.

When her husband objected to the type of dances in which she specialized, she sued for divorce on the ground that in Java he had thrashed her cruelly.

Her technical skill in dancing was small; unkind critics declared she was an impostor. But she had a weird power to hypnotize susceptible gentlemen. Her suitors were always men of influential positions in the government, and old enough to know better, but they always remained loyal.

In 1907 she went to Berlin, and by her dances acquired a new group of admirers, including the German Crown Prince. She also entered the German Secret Service, six or seven years before the war broke out.

Police records show that she took, and passed with high marks, the course at the Spy Academy at Lorch, Bavaria.

In 1912 she was back in Paris preparing a report for her employers on the number of newspapers in the French capital which could be bought for German propaganda.

As soon as the war got under way

she visited French hospitals near the front disguised as a Red Cross nurse. Ministering assiduously to wounded soldiers, she managed to squeeze out of them military information.

She spent weeks in the hospitals at Vitte, in the Chemin des Dames district.

But just before the Chemin des Dames assault began, Mata Hari showed up again in Paris without her Red Cross uniform.

The German army had somehow learned the position of the French guns. The slaughter of the French soldiers was terrific.

From that time the British and French Secret Services followed Mata Hari relentlessly. Though she knew her danger, she seemed to regard it as a compliment, and her daring increased. She even made a visit to England, the purpose of which was never discovered.

The British police, knowing her wish to take a boat back to France, saw to it that the vessel went to Spain instead.

At Madrid she received a telegram from Germany, promising more expensive money, and thanking her for precious information in advance of the action of Chemin des Dames.

Perhaps the Germans considered her no longer useful, and sent the telegram to put her out of the way.

The French and the British let her go back to Paris. Deceived by this unexpected freedom she ventured

upon a final audacity.

Going to headquarters of the French Secret Service she asked work as counter-spy against the Germans.

She was arrested on February 13, 1917, and put in cell 12 of the prison of Saint Lazare. Her old suitors came forward and testified to the innocence of her character. On July 24 she was brought before the judges to speak for herself, and on the 26th she was condemned to be shot.

But the sentence was not carried out until October 15th. She owed the long respite to her lawyer, Maître Clunet, the most picturesque of all her admirers, 75 years old.

On the morning of the execution he informed the military that the penal code of France did not permit the execution of an expectant mother.

The astonished officers did not laugh. "You mean, she is to have a child and you are its father?"

"That is my sworn statement. You must now have her examined by the prison doctors."

When the doctors appeared and Mata Hari was told why they came, she burst into a merry laugh.

"Isn't he a sweet old thing! And isn't he funny!"

Half an hour later the firing squad put an end to her, but Mr. Clunet insisted till his last hour that she had been illegally executed.

Next week John Erskine will describe another famous enchantress.

"Eye of the Dawn." In due time the priest also taught the little girl all the temple dances.

Some support of all this nonsense derived from the girl's dark eyes and sallow complexion, and from other suggestions of the Orient in her face.

The facts established by the police records are these: She was born in a small Dutch town on August 7, 1876. Her family name was Zelle, and she was baptized Gertrude Margaret. Her upbringing was conservative and perhaps over-strict.

As a result she was a worry to her parents before her school days were over. She herself admitted that

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No Hollywood Script Was Ever Packed With the Mystery, Romance and Intrigue That Now Fill the Blond Movie Star's Real Life Career



By Joan King Flynn

ROMANCE, suspense, mystery and intrigue packed the movie scripts piled high on the Hollywood producer's desk, but in none of them was there anything that matched the scene taking place in his office.

Madeleine Carroll, the glamorous golden girl of London, Paris and Hollywood, whose blond beauty won her fame and fortune, was tossing it all aside. She was pleading to be released from her million-dollar picture contract so she could go to war and she had her way.

When Lovely Madeleine Carroll Refuses to the Screen Her Income Will Be Used to Further Good Will Among the Democratic Nations.

Madeleine's Greatest Role

Bob Hope pursued her in "My Favorite Blonde." Tyrone Power made love to her in "Lloyds of London." Stirling Hayden, whom the star later married and divorced, shared screen honors with her in "Bahama Passage" and "Virginia."

Yet, these roles were tame compared to the real life drama Madeleine Carroll embarked on a few weeks after Pearl Harbor when she left the make-believe of movieland for the realities of war.

For this, her greatest role, "Madeleine Carroll, Humanitarian," she received France's highest decoration. She was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor for her Red Cross work among the soldiers during the liberation and for her French broadcasts contributing to Franco-American understanding.

In a Red Cross uniform, for three years, she went on a different kind of personal appearance tour. In Africa, Italy and France, thousands of American soldiers who knew Madeleine Carroll only on the silver screen met her in person, as she worked in hospitals in Naples and Foggia and rode the hospital train from the Allied Front to Dijon and Marseilles, comforting the wounded and writing

their letters home.

She was already caring for 200 French war orphans in her villa outside Paris.

The British-born, part French, American naturalized citizen, who was a school teacher in England before she became an actress, was one of the first top flight Hollywood stars to enroll for "the duration."

The duration is not yet over for Madeleine Carroll. She and her third husband, handsome, young Henri Lavorel, French Resistance hero, whom she met and married in Paris in July, 1946, have dedicated themselves to bringing about a better understanding among the peoples of the world.

Late last fall, the 40-year-old actress, as slim and beautiful as ever, arrived in the United States with her husband.

In France and eventually in America and other countries, they plan to produce documentary films to spread their good will.

Miss Carroll underplays her own role in the war. She said: "When the war was over I realized something rather startling. I was so busy trying to keep up with the changes in the world, I hadn't fully noticed the changes in myself.

"The life of a movie actress is sheltered and protected. That is perfectly all right if one remains unmolested in his corner. Accidentally, or otherwise, I had gotten out of it and was thrown into sudden and continuous contact with many people—of every kind and nationality, the plain, good ordinary people who make up the very real and solid substance of our world. I had become involved in this world. I wanted to continue. So, for me, the accent in my future world must be on people."

In the years preceding the war, when Miss Carroll was married to her first husband, suave, distinguished British Colonel Philip Astley (whom she later divorced), she commuted between Europe and America.

She was a successful English star before Hollywood discovered her in 1932. She visited Spain just after its Civil War, and escaped from France in 1940, with the Germans at her heels.

The international conflict became a personal one in October, 1940, when Marguerite Carroll, Madeleine's younger sister, was killed in a German blitz on London. After Pearl Harbor, the actress left Hollywood and her \$100,000 a picture salary.

She spent a year in New York as Entertainment Director of the U. S. Merchant Seaman's Service. On Valentine's Day, 1942, she married Stirling Hayden, in Peterboro, N. H.

In 1943, Miss Carroll joined the Red Cross and sailed for Africa. Hayden went to other parts of Europe with the Office of Strategic Services.

This protracted separation of the screen couple ended in divorce in May, 1946. Hayden later married Betty DeNoon, a Pasadena socialite.

The future looks bright for Madeleine Carroll and her third husband. They are co-owners and producers in their film companies, "The World in Pictures," and "Carroll Productions."

The film favorite has been off the American screen for over five years. Convinced that the public still wants her, Miss Carroll agreed to make one picture a year for a Hollywood producer, starting in 1948.

"The money I make," she said, "will be that much more we can use for our documentary pictures to help the peoples understand each other." A two reel film the Lavorels made in France is "The Children's Republic," telling of a school outside Paris which is a mecca for homeless orphans of the war.

LOST HIS OWN CASE

Mrs. Hamilton Successfully Evicted the J. P. Morgan Heir From Her Home Only to Find That Her Ex-Husband Had Moved in Next Door

By Frances Spatz

to his wife

EVA STEWARD SHAEFFER SPILMAN HAMILTON, known to her friends as Evie, was magnanimous in her moment of triumph.

She didn't stick around her 579-acre Virginia estate to watch a beaten man collect his "one easy chair, his precious lamps, his horses—and depart by court order from the palace he had called home for seven years.

Evie considerably packed herself off to California for a month, secure in her belief that when she returned the husband she was evicting would be far, far away.

Laurens M. Hamilton once had been secure in a belief, too. He thought he could outwit his wife in a public battle of questions and answers, so he took on the job of acting as his own defense attorney when Evie brought suit to have him ousted.

Though the results of that day in court proved disastrous to the secretary of the Orange County Hunt Club, he says he had a wonderful time while it lasted.

"Every American has the right to act as his own attorney," says Hamilton. "It was a privilege which afforded me great satisfaction."

It seems that Evie and Laurens, who have been married since 1940, just could not live amicably under one roof, and when the descendant of Alexander Hamilton and J. Pierpont Morgan refused to accompany his wife to Southampton, L. I., for a vacation last summer it was the last straw.

On September 2, Evie sent her husband a big surprise from New York. It was an ultimatum ordering him to vacate "Brynely" by Sept. 15.

Hamilton was still around the place, however, when his wife returned, so she drove in to Warrenton, the Fauquier county seat, and

had the justice of the peace issue a warrant for her husband's appearance in court.

Evie chose as her lawyer Charles G. Stone, Commonwealth's Attorney of Fauquier County. Hamilton, a former member of the New York State Legislature, appeared in his own behalf.

He smiled as he rose to cross-examine his wife.

"Did you or did you not keep your husband awake with your nagging until three in the morning following a fox hunt?" he asked.

It seemed for a moment as if Evie had been thrown off balance. "Kindly tell this court what you called your husband after he refused to move out of your home," Laurens further demanded.

"I don't remember," Evie retorted, having recovered her composure, "but I can assure you that whatever I said couldn't have been strong enough to express my sentiments."

"Why not try an alternative to ejecting your husband from the premises and divide the house into two apartments?" Hamilton asked.

"We tried that," Evie replied in a honeyed tone, "and it wasn't more than three days before you trespassed on my side."

When Evie pointed out that the property was hers, bought with her own funds before she married Hamilton, he waved a contract in her face and demanded to know if it didn't entitle him to live either in her Palm Beach home or at Brynely, if he paid \$1,000 a month toward their upkeep.

"Yes," she replied, "but no payments have ever been made." To date Hamilton owes his wife \$85,000, according to that contract, and further questioning brought up the matter of a loan of \$100,000. This was made, Evie explained, to clean up some old debts.

Some day Laurens Hamilton expects to inherit a sizable trust fund.

The contract that Evie and Laurens signed soon after their marriage was a sort of I.O.U. on Laurens' part and stipulated that he could defer any payments until he was financially able to take care of them.

In summing up his defense, Hamilton claimed he had been a good husband and said: "I do not propose to be cast off like an old shoe."

He wasn't cast off; he was forced out by the decision of the judge.

Evie's victory reminded the Virginia hunt crowd of the time Liz Whitney (the former Mrs. John Hay Whitney), owner of Llangollen, a 3,000-acre Virginia estate, used a pistol to effect an eviction.

It seems that Tim Durant, a friend who'd been living in her combination polo stable and palace near Los Angeles, became unwanted.

As a matter of fact, Liz wanted to take over the property as her own domicile, but all she got was free access to her boudoir. This room was equipped with a trick "drawbridge," a private stairway that was hinged and rigged with ropes so it could be drawn up at will.

There was no particular drama to the indoor siege that started when Liz moved in, until she went to the loft where Durant had stored her belongings. Then she blew up.

Moths had been feasting on her Oriental rugs. Her rare Colonial fur-

niture was a shambles. It was then, for some inexplicable reason, that Liz ordered Tim to get rid of his servant. There may have been blood in her eye when she gave the orders because it was Tim who left.

He came back, though, bolstered by a bodyguard of henchmen, but by the time Liz had picked up the pistol she always kept in her room the men were scrambling over fences for a quick getaway.

Tim sued Liz for \$15,385, the supposed value of personal property he left behind. She said she didn't owe him a cent because he owed her rent and had ruined her furniture.

The upshot of this battle was a legal settlement giving Tim his property and Liz the livestock, one horse, 35 chickens and a hog.

There's a joker in the Hamilton settlement. Laurens moved out, with his lamp, armchair and horses—but he rented the estate next door and now he's Evie's closest neighbor.



Illustrated by ISABEL DAWSON

Fox-Hunting Is So Exhausting, Yet Evie Inconsiderately Kept Her Husband Awake Until Three o' Clock in the Morning, He Maintained.

February 8, 1948

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY 5

Heartbreaks

By Gene Coughlin

THROUGHOUT the 28 years of their lives, the Cromwell twins, Gladys and Dorothy, liked to do everything together. They stood side by side in Park Avenue receiving lines; they jumped their thoroughbred hunters together; they lived together in their fashionable New York apartment and the country house at Bernardsville, N. J.

They presented a united front to suitors and sent many a fortune-hunter back to the stag line, thwarted in his quest and talking to himself. They shared their lives and the huge fortune left them by their father, Frederic Cromwell, president and treasurer of a life insurance company. They also died together, apparently voluntarily, in the swirling waters of the Gironde River on the night of January 19, 1919, after months of heroic service together with the Red Cross in embattled France.

Their deaths, the first of a cycle of four to bring tragedy to the wealthy and distinguished Cromwell family, were written down as suicides.

However, in all the intervening years there has been no authoritative answer to the oft-recurring question: Why?

Friends and some relatives have indicated the sisters outlined the reason, or reasons, for the suicide pact in a long letter to their brother, the late Seymour Le Grand Cromwell, but he never divulged nor hinted at the contents of the farewell message.

As it was, the sensitive sisters were spared the distress of two ensuing tragedies in the ranks of the Cromwell clan—one the result of an accident nobody saw, the other from a strange illness in Africa.

Perhaps Gladys and Dorothy might have been serene and happy if their parents had been hidden in the struggling anonymity of New York's teeming millions, instead of being the socially and financially prominent Frederic Cromwells.

The twins were not recluses, in any sense of the word. They had their beaux and their dancing parties and there was nothing timid or withdrawn about their steepchasing. But they felt no special need for the fanfare and the excitement their money and position could bring them.

They were happiest when there were no "outsiders" present; when they could anticipate each other's thoughts without interference.

Like the final letter they wrote to "big brother" Seymour Le Grand Cromwell, a record of the conversation that led to the first of two Great Decisions by the twins might prove valuable to sociologists and students of human behavior.

That conversation decided what parts they should play in World War I.

Their girl friends began knitting sweaters and socks and rolling bandages, in between benefit teas and parties and it was assumed that the Cromwell twins, carefully reared and sheltered, would follow suit in genteel fashion.

Instead, Dorothy and Gladys Cromwell did the unpredictable, and did it quietly and incon-

Illustrated by
JOHN FLOHERTY, JR.

The Startled Sentry Managed to
Shout and Run Towards Them,
but It Was Too Late. The Twins
Plunged Together Into the Tur-
bulent Waters of the
Gironde River.

OF Society

spicuously. They enrolled in a Red Cross nursing school, completed their courses with feverish speed, and asked for assignment overseas.

With the joint application they made a joint demand:

"By overseas, we do not mean London and canteen posts handing out cigarettes and entertaining generals. We wish to work at the front."

KNITTING needles were still while solicitous friends sought to dissuade them.

"You may not even get to France," the friends said. "Why, the Atlantic is practically full of U-boats! You might be torpedoed!"

The twins smiled and nodded, in unison. More emphatic friends exclaimed:

"It's suicide, my dears! Plain suicide!"

Unaware of the prophetic note, the twins smiled and nodded in unison.

They crossed the Atlantic in a crowded, blacked-out transport and went to war.

They went to the front, or as near the trenches as their superiors would permit.

They went to Chalon-sur-Marne and then to Souilly, the American base for operations in the St. Mihiel sector, which the Germans were methodically bombarding.

The Cromwell twins, their previous acquaintance with physical suffering limited to a scratched hand in the hunt or a bruised instep in the dance, shuddered and then, taking strength from each other, did their job.

They rushed cognac, coffee, water and cigarettes to parched and pain-twisted lips. They volunteered for service in the dressing stations when the flow of tragic traffic from the front was unusually heavy.

Because of their resemblance, they were able to play games with their patients.

A wounded doughboy would suddenly exclaim, from his stretcher:

"You might be twins, but I can tell you apart. You're Gladys!"

Dorothy Cromwell, bending over to light his cigarette, would simulate amazement and admiration, and say:

"Right! How do you know?"

"Never you mind how I know," the soldier would grin. "But even if I'm wrong now and then, I'm right about one thing."

"What's that?"

"You're the Twin Sisters—of Mercy."

So the twin sisters lost their individual identities, even their Christian names, as they teamed together again.

The team was exhausted, physically and emotionally, when the Armistice was signed on November 11, 1918.

American troops walked or were carried to transports which would take them home, but the Cromwell twins stayed on. Thousands of

wounded soldiers still needed them, they decided. Besides, they were apprehensive.

After the tragic scenes of the past months, could they return to New York and readjust themselves to the aimless routine of society's teas and dances?

After "big brother" Seymour had advised them that their estates and interests demanded their personal attention, the twins

finally gave in. They cabled the housekeeper to open their Park Avenue apartment for their arrival "about January 25, 1919."

On the morning of January 19, they boarded the S.S. La Lorraine in the harbor of Bordeaux for the voyage home.

A greater part of the day was spent in their stateroom, arriving at the twins' second Great Decision: writing, or rewriting the joint letter to Seymour and his wife.

Like good soldiers, they went over their trim Red Cross uniforms, brushing them and polishing buttons for their final inspection.

At 7 o'clock that evening, while the ship was under way, the twins reappeared on deck and began walking up and down, arm in arm. They seemed to look through and beyond fellow passengers who whispered:

"Look! The famous Cromwell twins!"

The fellow passengers were below at dinner when the twins came to a halt on the upper deck and stood facing each other. They stood thus for several minutes, a sentry said, but he could not overhear any conversation, although near by.

ran towards them, but he was too late.

The twins plunged together into the turbulent waters of the Gironde River. The sentry said there was no outcry; that there was barely a splash as the Cromwell sisters departed this life, silently, almost apologetically.

ENGINES were reversed while boats were lowered, but the search for the bodies was to no avail. The twins had disappeared finally and completely.

The phrase was not in common use then, but a modern coroner's verdict could have been:

"Death due to combat fatigue."

The ship's captain found the twins' letter in their stateroom and forwarded it to Seymour Le Grand Cromwell, one of the few men to serve three terms as president of the New York Stock Exchange.

Like any doting brother, he was prostrated with shock and grief, and there were those who said he never fully recovered from the tragedy.

Intimates insisted he suffered dizzy spells as the memory of his sisters and their end kept returning.

Such a spell may have struck him early in September, 1925, when he was riding with Mrs. Cromwell near the Bernardsville estate.

Mrs. Cromwell had reined up on the trail waiting for her husband to overtake her. After several minutes she turned back.

Seymour Cromwell was stretched on the ground unconscious, his mount standing by quietly. Whether he had fallen or had been thrown was never determined. He died two weeks later, mourned by his friends in Wall

Tragic Twins

For that matter, the twins didn't need to talk to each other. After 28 years of complete understanding, theirs was an understanding that made the spoken word superfluous.

As the sisters approached the rail, a difficulty presented itself.

Following lifetime procedure, they intended embarking on the last adventure together, arm-in-arm. But the rail was high; an attempt to mount it in unison would be conspicuous and would bring the sentry and other crew members on the run, upsetting the joint plan.

So, for a second, the team was split. Gladys, or Dorothy, helped her twin sister to the top of the rail and was in turn helped by the other member of the team.

The startled sentry managed to shout and

Street and in the exclusive Colony Club, of which he was president.

Two years later, his artist son, Whitney, cheated death from a gas leak in his Paris apartment. The concierge broke down the door in time to save young Cromwell's life, but the respite was temporary.

HE DIED, in 1930, of a strange illness that attacked him shortly after his arrival in North Africa.

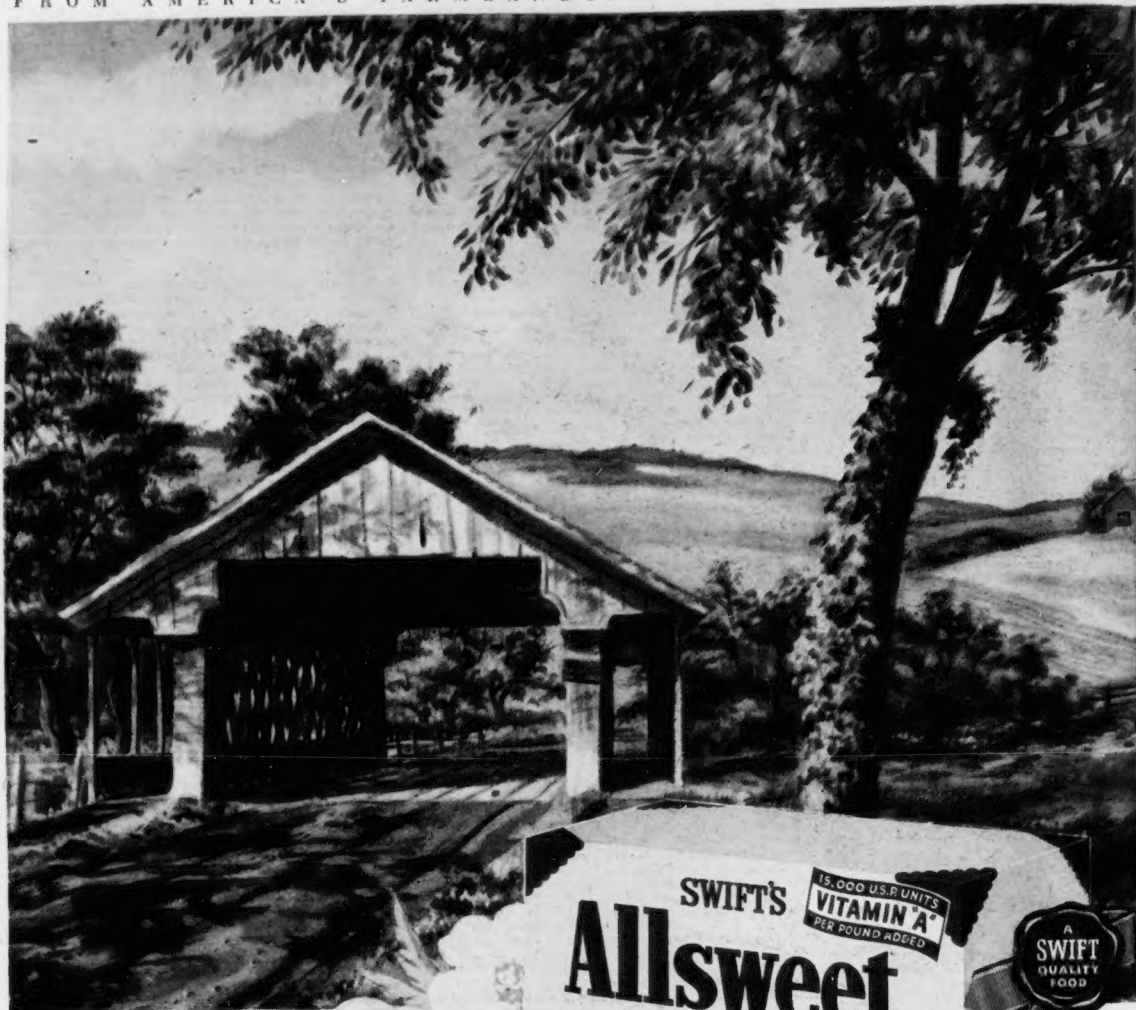
His death completed the cycle of four that started when the twins, Gladys and Dorothy, their war labors ended, decided their lives should be ended, too.

Next week—Cora Potter's Footlight Fever.



Gladys and Dorothy Cromwell Liked to Do Everything Together. They Lived Together, Stood Side by Side in Receiving Lines and Jumped Their Thoroughbred Hunters Together.

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Science Hopes to Train
Swarms of Tiny One-
Celled Animals to At-
tack Mysterious Viruses
and Other Harmful
Disease Agents.

Illustrated by
DOROTHEA FOX



GERMS

Many of the Most Com-
mon Childhood Dis-
eases May Some Day
Be Conquered if
Science Succeeds in
its Program of Bac-
terial Warfare.

TO Fight Germs

By G. B. Lal and F. G. Langrock

SCIENTISTS are finding new hope in their ceaseless battle against disease by using "trained" harmless germs to fight disease germs. In this new attack, led by Dr. Harve J. Carlson, assistant professor of bacteriology at the Western Reserve University in Cleveland, Ohio, the most important part is played by tiny one-celled animals called paramacia.

These are found in almost any stagnant pool or puddle of water. They are so small they cannot be seen without a microscope. Yet, they are complete animals. They breathe, digest food, and produce.

For generations, high school students have had their first experience with the microscopic world, when they focused their lenses on a drop of water and watched these slipper-shaped bits of animal life slithering about in an aimless fashion.

Now, science is planning to domesticate them and put them to work.

Just as a pack of hounds can be taught to kill wolves, the bacteriologists hope to train swarms of paramacia to attack and devour not only harmful germs but also the mysterious viruses. The latter cause such infections as infantile paralysis and influenza.

Dr. Carlson began his campaign against disease with the paramacia because of the failure of penicillin and the sulfa drugs to act against the virus diseases. These anti-biotics, as they are called, are effective only on the germs that live independently. They cannot destroy viruses, which thrive only in cells of a particular type.

The viruses are smaller than the tiniest bacteria. They are able to enter right into the cells of our bodies, multiply, and do their damage. The anti-biotics are unable to fight them. There is very little, save certain vaccines and serums, that science knows today that is able to offer them battle on their own ground. What Dr. Carlson is looking for is a substance that will invade

the nerve cells, or the cells of the lung or any body tissue and ferret out and destroy the lurking viruses.

He believes that since the diminutive paramacium normally lives on a diet of bacteria and thrives even in the presence of viruses, it most likely has present in its body such a cell-invading, virus-destroying substance. By a process of breeding, a special strain of paramacia—or one of its cousins, euglena or stentor—may be found that will live solely on the viruses, or dissolve them.

In his laboratory on the sixth floor of the Babies' and Children's Hospital, the Western Reserve scientist has a large array of bottles and flasks containing ordinary hay and water. These are called hay infusions and are the homes in which the paramacia are bred.

Soon after the solution is prepared, it becomes clouded with billions upon billions of hay bacteria—the hay bacillus. Bacteria-hungry paramacia are also present. They arrive and multiply rapidly on their diet. In a few days the hay microbes are destroyed and the solution becomes clear enough to look through.

To this cleared mixture Dr. Carlson plans to add viruses, obtained from the cells of mice or other laboratory animals that have been infected with influenza or infantile paralysis. He wants to tempt them with a new diet. His hope is that he will find a strain of paramacia that will live on viruses alone.

If such a strain is found, these specially trained paramacia will be bred in large numbers. They will then be filtered from the solution and given to the chemist, who will try to extract the active cell-invading virus-destroying chemical.

The next step will be to give the extract to rats and mice that have been infected with virus diseases. If successful here, the long, painstaking process of continuous testing will begin before it will be tried on human beings.

Encouragement for the new type germ-killer comes from previous work with bacteriophages.

These are tiny organisms, similar in some respects to viruses, only they are man's friends. They are to bacteria what fleas are to a dog, but in size only. Fleas are satisfied with making a dog uncomfortable. The phages attack and devour bacteria. While almost any flea is at home on any dog, each type of phage has its own special variety of bacterium to attack.

For some years, bacteriophages have been prescribed by many doctors.

Typical is the case of a young high school teacher of New York City who was suffering from styes. This is an infection caused by a bacterial organism called *staphylococcus*. Upon examination by a physician, a dose of bacteriophage specific for this type of bacteria was injected into the blood stream. Within 24 hours, the styes disappeared.

For each kind of disease, there is a specific virus, highly selective in the tissues it attacks.

Another of its noteworthy characteristics is that it shows the sign of being alive only when it is lodged within some living cells of the body.

In many infections, some germ and a particular virus somehow co-operate in causing dangerous sickness. But the germ may be killed by penicillin or sulfa drugs, without the destruction of the virus. So far the only effective protection against virus disease is vaccination.

Dr. Carlson hopes that by his experiments on the virus-eating and digesting paramacia a way will be found to cure virus infection even after it has developed to the point of threatening life.



Guardians OF THE Sleeping Guest

By Booton Herndon

LOUD, masculine laughter and the clink of glasses came over the transom to Elsie Kuld, as she walked down the hotel corridor, cleaning mop in hand. She grinned—those people sure were having a good time. Then the grin faded from Elsie's face. Mingled with the racket were the cries of a baby.

That's when Elsie made the decision that placed her among the heroines who have worn the uniform of a hotel maid. She knew that guests don't like maids charging into their rooms; she also knew that somebody's baby needed a woman's care.

Elsie entered the room, cloudy with cigarette smoke. A year-old baby girl was thrashing about on the floor, unnoticed by several men who were drinking and playing cards. Before she reached the baby, one of the men grabbed her and tried to pull her on his lap. She broke away and ran into the hall.

It was the Hotel Copley Plaza in Boston, and Elsie knew the hotel didn't want that type of guests. She was on the way to call the manager when the drunken laughter of the men turned to loud screams. Elsie wheeled and ran back.

The bedding was on fire, and the men were running in panic from the room. Not one of them remembered the baby. Elsie went in and, although the flames licked at her legs and she could hardly breathe, she didn't come out until the baby was in her arms.

Another maid, Della Whalen, became a heroine in the same hotel. She overheard a wealthy Back Bay socialite accusing a bellhop of stealing a diamond clip. Della knew the boy, and knew that he was completely honest—but what could she, a maid, do about it?

Plenty. Della turned detective. It was the third valuable reported missing in a week and, with nothing but feminine intuition to go on, she suspected a trio of men who had recently moved in. The maid's better judgment warned her against such a drastic step, but she let herself into their room and looked around.

While she was searching their luggage, she heard a key in the lock. She dashed to the closet and hid. At first she was afraid the men would find her and she would lose her job. Her fear became terror when she heard them talking about the jewelry they had stolen and realized that they were hardened criminals.

For three hours Della crouched in the closet. Finally the men left and Della went to the bureau drawer

where they'd agreed to leave the jewels. The loot was there and she turned it over to the manager.

Della was praised for her daring, but the biggest thrill came when the socialite humbly apologized to the bellboy.

Miss Elizabeth Frank, a housekeeper in the Hotel Pennsylvania in New York City, had a guest who heard crickets. That was what he said—he heard crickets.

Miss Frank went over every inch of the room, even going so far as to change the mattress and the springs. Still the man heard the cricket chirping at night. Finally Miss Frank went up to him one afternoon.

"I found the cricket this morning," she said. "It was a big one."

"Gosh, thanks," said the man, never suspecting that she had made up the whole story. "Now maybe I'll get some sleep." He did.

Helen Findley, for 30 years a maid at the Morrison Hotel in Chicago, makes a habit of listening for odd sounds. Once she heard feeble moan coming from a room. She opened the door with her key.

A man lay on the bed, unconscious. Scattered around the room were 10 empty bottles which had idled gin. Helen dashed to the phone and for the house physician, and a pitcher of tomato juice. The tomato juice

got there first and she forced it down the unconscious man's throat. When the doctor came, he said she had done the right thing.

The guest, a visitor to America from Scotland, recovered and gave Helen five dollars.

Just as Helen has trained her ears to hear the slightest sound, Hannah Lindbergh, of the Hotel Mark Hopkins in San Francisco, has learned to follow her hunches.

One night, coming off duty, she heard a couple of employees talking about the man in Room 1260. He was already under the weather, they said, but he wouldn't stop drinking. Hannah went straight to Room 1260.

Smoke engulfed her as she opened the door. Flames were eating along the rug toward the draperies, and the chair the unconscious man was in was already smouldering.

The slim Scandinavian girl dragged him out of there in the nick of time.

Elaine Cain, jolly Negro maid who mothers the guests at the Hotel St. Francis in San Francisco, gives charity every penny she gets in tips.

Once a guest taken suddenly ill, returned to his home across the bay in Berkeley. After hours every night, Elaine went to his house to prepare his dinner. His health failed to im-

**TO THE DIGNITY OF
LABOR, Hotel Maids Make
an Outstanding Contribution
Through Their Tact,
Hard Work, Kindness
and Heroism**

**Terrified and
Shaken by What
She Heard, Della
Hid in the Closet,
While for Three
Hours the Crooks
Discussed Their
Booty of Stolen
Jewels.**



prove, so the hotel maid took a leave of absence and tended him night and day.

Nazi, Queen Mother of Egypt, was ill when she arrived at the hotel. Elaine was the only member of the staff permitted in the suite. When the Queen Mother left, she said:

"If it hadn't been for Elaine, I'd never have gotten well."

Elaine chuckled her thanks, but she was listening with only half an ear. The jolly maid was already looking forward to the next guest upon whom she could lavish her store of human kindness.

★ ★ Illustrated by DAVID ATTIE ★ ★

Gypsy Markoff, the Famous Entertainer, Says She Prefers Cats to Men and From Now On She'll Let Her Musical Toy Buy Her All the Minks She'll Ever Wear

By Irving Johnson

GYPSY MARKOFF is through with matrimony. She says men are bores and that she'll never again go out with the same one more than twice. She'd rather stay in, she says, with her cat and accordion.

The cat, San Dee, is a Siamese and the pretty musician claims he's as smart as any dog and much more fun. The accordion, of course, keeps her in mink and sequins.

But when it comes to men—Gypsy stamps an annoyed foot and says they drink too much and are too self-centered, cold, matter-of-fact and inattentive.

"Why," she exclaims, "they don't even send you flowers any more and that's pretty bad."

More than ever a cynic since the failure of her first marriage, now in the process of liquidation, the decorative survivor of a wartime plane crash in Lisbon insists there's no such thing as love.

She admits thinking she was in love in 1939 with a Paris newspaper man named Serge and regards her marriage six years later to Captain David L. Harter as part of a double rebound. She jilted an army flier named Joe, she explains, to marry Captain Harter three days after meeting him in Berlin.

Previously, her romance with Serge had come to an unhappy close. As Gypsy looks back on her marriage, she wonders how it ever came about. Captain Harter was a personable young man from Indianapolis, but the couple wrangled almost as soon as they met. At one point, she says, he flung a ham sandwich at her and she fired it right back.

the CAT and the ACCORDION



But soon they were cooling and planning for the great day.

Now she guesses she was a "sucker for a uniform." The captain was a glamorous hero to her until they returned to this country and civilian life. Although both of them tried to save the marriage, it was soon obvious they were destined to part for good.

Gypsy says her case is a powerful argument against marrying in a hurry. She holds no couple should get married until they have known each other at least a year. It's very easy to get married, she says, and very hard to get unmarried again.

Her captain, says Gypsy, couldn't catch the cadence of New York life. He couldn't find a suitable position and tired of thinking of himself as Mr. Markoff.

"I admit," she says, "I am difficult to get along with. I'm very moody and like to be alone with my cat and my music."

The couple parted and reconciled and now they've separated again and finally Gypsy's court papers are being drawn up by her lawyer.

Gypsy, christened Olga, was born in Milwaukee and has been an accomplished accordionist since childhood.

hood. Her father, Alexander Markoff, she says, was a gypsy king in Besarabia; her mother, an Egyptian.

By the time she was 16, Gypsy's deft fingering of the piano accordion had already made her famous.

When she made her debut in New York, Tamara, the Russian singer who was killed in the Lisbon crash in which Gypsy was seriously injured, appeared on the same bill with her.

Gypsy's souvenirs of the crash include two paralyzed fingers on her left hand and a severed tendon that makes it impossible for her to raise her right arm higher than her shoulder.

"But," she says, "I can play as well as ever and when people hear me they are convinced."

Gypsy and her accordion have journeyed all over the world. Her name was coupled romantically with a number of young eligibles, including an Indian Prince, and the son of a music publisher.

But none of these and other attachments mattered until she met Serge, the newspaper man, a month before the start of World War II.

When hostilities commenced, Gypsy lost track of Serge and returned to

America. Later, she joined the USO with the hope of finding him again. She was on her third USO tour when the Lisbon crash hospitalized her for months.

She recovered finally, resumed playing and started out on more USO assignments. Finally, in 1943, she caught up again with Serge, who had been active in the French Underground. She met him at a little bar on the Champs Elysees and he told her about another woman—a rich ex-movie actress who had befriended him.

"We ordered a bottle of champagne," recalls Gypsy, "toasted our adieu and went our separate ways."

About that time she met Joe, the young flier who slipped an engagement ring on her finger. In Paris, she and Joe shopped for a wedding gown and mantilla and decided to marry on December 24, 1943.

Suddenly, without warning, Gypsy's USO unit was ordered to Berlin. There she met Captain Harter and married him on December 8. Joe, she says, took it like a good sport.

Gypsy says married life began to pall early last spring. When her husband couldn't find worthwhile employment, she suggested he rejoin the army. Then they changed their plans and Gypsy went on a Pacific tour, with the ex-captain as her manager.

They returned in six months and found conditions no better than before they left.

Gypsy went to Mexico and Harter went home to Indianapolis. He returned to New York again and clerked for an aviation company. Meanwhile, Gypsy, had a long and successful engagement in Washington and another in New York.

It was a taste of the old life for her. Men paid her compliments. The most ardent for a time was a Texas oil man. Gypsy liked him, but says he was seldom sober.

Finally, she says, she joined Alcoholics Anonymous and stopped drinking.

But there was little chance for romance.

"When he stopped drinking," says Gypsy, "he went back to his wife."

By Jack Stone

MRS. JOSEPH TILLMAN surveyed the assortment of toys in the front hall of her Stamford, Conn., home with growing amazement. Where on earth... The gleaming array took her breath away. A shiny express wagon, a tricycle, a football, a sewing set, a soft ball, an airplane, a lighthouse...

...she looked at them long and hard. It was like the display window of a novelty shop. Apprehension seized her... Lips grim, she hurried to the back bedroom and leaned over the form of her son, Bobby, 11.

"Son," she asked, loudly and firmly, "where did those toys come from?"

Bobby Tillman didn't want to get up. Bed felt good... awful good... just enough blankets to keep warm, nice, fresh, early-morning air... city noises kind of far off and unimportant. Except for ma's shouting at him, a fellow could sleep forever.

The little Negro shoeshine boy pulled the cover over his head. Ma usually called him from the kitchen. Didn't have to yell in his ear, did she?

"Bobby," said Mrs. Tillman sternly, shaking his shoulder, "answer me. I want to know about those toys!"

Toys? Toys? Events of the preceding night flooded into Bobby's mind and drove sleep from it. He sat up, scratched his head and smiled broadly at his mother.

"Ma," he said, almost not believing himself, "I won 'em!"

Mrs. Tillman sat down on his bed. She looked at him for a long time, hard. "Bobby," she said at last, "I want the truth."

"Honest, Ma, I won 'em. At the carnival. I won 'em all. Never was a luckier kid! It was this way... me and Robert Elliot..."

His mother cut him short. "You want me to call the police?" Bobby looked hurt. He lowered his head. "Go ahead!" he mumbled. "Call 'em!"

Mrs. Tillman did. Had there been any report of stolen toys? No? Well, her son, Bobby... she told of her suspicions, and in due time two detectives arrived at the Stamford, Conn., home of the Tillmans.

"Okay, Boy," said one of the sleuths, looking over the assortment of brand-new toys, "where did you get them?"

"Told you once," answered Bobby aggressively. "Won 'em. At the carnival. Seems nobody believes me."

They took Bobby with them to the carnival. One of the carnival directors held his head. "That boy back again?" he wailed. The detectives explained: "Says he won a lot of toys here. Checking on his story."

The director smiled. "As a matter of fact, Sergeant, you don't know it a bit. We still owe him one!"

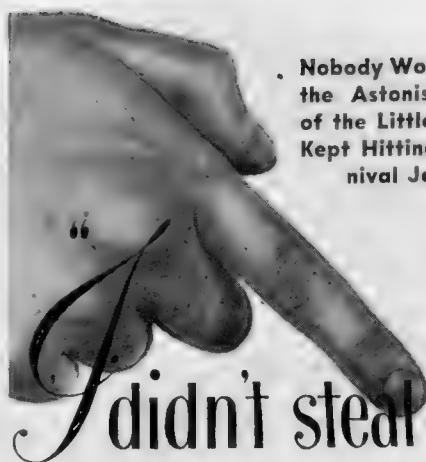
It was the night before. Bobby and his pal, Robert Elliot, were on their way home from a day of shining shoes. Bobby had \$2.20 in his pocket, Robert had nothing. They heard music. The carnival! They went in for a look see. They came across a booth with a wheel of chance.

"How much to play?" asked Bobby. "Ten cents," said the man. "Three for a quarter," Bobby dug down, handed over a quarter and played numbers 13, 14 and 15. The wheel spun. The star lit up on number 14.

"What you want?" the man asked. Bobby pointed to an express wagon. "You want to play again?" the man asked. Bobby put a quarter on the same three numbers.

The wheel spun again and number 15 came up. Bobby took a tricycle. The man in the booth leaned over. "Listen," he said, "why don't you kids go home?"

Bobby put another quarter on 13, 14 and 15. The wheel spun. Thirteen. He took a football. Bobby got



I didn't steal 'em,
HONEST
I won 'em

Three Times the Accusing Finger Sought Out Bobby Tillman in the Midst of His Harvest of Toys.



embarrassed. A crowd was collecting.

He gave a dime to Robert. "You play now," he said. Robert played number 14. The wheel spun. Fourteen. Robert took an express wagon. Bobby didn't know what to do. The man was glaring at him. He put another quarter down, same numbers. The wheel spun. Fifteen. He took a softball. He played another

Nobody Would Believe the Astonishing Luck of the Little Boy Who Kept Hitting the Carnival Jackpot

boys set off for home. A police radio car stopped them. "Where you get all those toys?" an officer asked. "Won 'em at the carnival," Bobby said. The officer rocked on his heels. "I'llmmmm..." he said. He left his companion to guard the toys while he took Bobby and Robert back to the carnival.

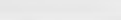
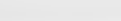
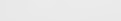
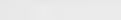
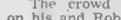
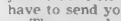
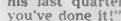
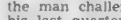
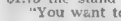
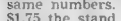
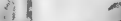
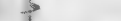
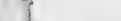
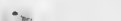
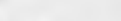
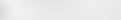
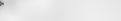
"This kid..." he began. "I know," said the officials. "He cleaned us out. He's okay." The officer rubbed his chin. "Shouldn't be a gamble," he yawned. Back with his companion, he told him: "The kid won 'em all, all right. No need to report this."

Bobby and Robert went on home. It was almost midnight. Bobby said goodby to Robert. "You keep the express wagon," he told him.

He let himself in, gingerly placing his winnings in the hall and tiptoeing to his room. He undressed quietly. He opened the window, got into bed.

Wait till he saw Ma in the morning! Would she be surprised! He'd never had a tricycle when he was little. Now he had one. He was too big to ride it now, of course, but there was that kid down the street who could use it plenty.

He thought and thought about



numbers 13, 14 and 15. Sure had been his lucky day! Gradually he grew sleepy. He thought of what the man had said: "We'll have to send you something." It was good to know there was another toy coming.

Wait till Ma saw the toys in the morning. Wouldn't her face light up, though!

He fell asleep.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars are Lux Girls!



"A Lux Girl? Indeed I am!"
says this famous star

Betty Hutton is one of the hundreds
of famous screen stars who use gentle
Lux Toilet Soap beauty care. "A quick
easy care that works—really makes
skin lovelier," she says.

Betty Hutton
star of
Paramount Pictures'
"DREAM GIRL"



Here's a *proved* complexion care! In recent Lux Toilet Soap tests by skin specialists, actually 3 out of 4 complexions became lovelier in a short time! No wonder famous screen stars trust their million-dollar complexions to this gentle beauty care—never neglect it for a single day.

"I always use Lux Toilet Soap—it's wonderful the way this beauty care gives skin quick new loveliness!" Betty Hutton tells you. "I work the fragrant creamy lather in thoroughly. As I rinse and then pat with a soft towel to dry, my skin is softer, smoother!" Don't let neglect cheat you of romance. Take the screen stars' tip!

Another
fine product of
Lever Brothers
Company

Lux Girls are Lovelier!

Matt Talbot's Saving Grace



Shuffling Through Dublin Streets, Impeded by Chains on Arms and Legs, Matt Talbot Was a Familiar Sight. The Bonds Were a Self-Imposed Penance for 16 Years of "Riotous Drinking."

It was on a cold winter night in Boston 17 years ago that the effective influence of the Dublin bricklayer first began to be felt. A priest hurrying through Boston Common tripped over the form of a drunkard. He took the man home, revived him, set him up for the night. In a few days the man was well, except for his craving for liquor.

The priest told him the story of Matt Talbot. "He conquered liquor because he willed it. As each day dawned he asked God's help to go 24 hours without a drink. If you ask God for the same help you, too, can win." Several months later the man returned. "Father, I've followed Matt Talbot's example," he said. "I haven't had a drink since that night."

Then the Carmelite Fathers spread the lesson in Matt Talbot's life far abroad. They organized non-sectarian Matt Talbot meetings throughout the nation and recruited alcoholics to attend.

At these gatherings drunkards and ex-drunkards were encouraged to talk about themselves with utter humility. Today the meetings have grown in size and scope to a point where they are recognized as a definite deterrent to alcoholism.

At one Boston meeting a middle-aged executive told how his submergence in liquor had cost him his wife and children. Now he had become a "gutter bum," how he had been persuaded to hear the Carmelites talk of Matt Talbot, and how the bricklayer's victory had inspired him to regenerate himself.

A mother of six children told another meeting she had turned to drink after losing her husband in an auto accident. She was sent to a hospital for treatment, but became worse. Matt Talbot's glorious achievement was instrumental in restoring her to sobriety.

The list of drunkards saved through the obscure Irishman's pattern of triumph grows larger daily. The Carmelites have formed the Matt Talbot Legion, which seeks regeneration of alcoholics and education to the fact that total abstinence is the only cure.

This Legion has opened a Matt Talbot Museum, containing some of his personal possessions, in an Englewood, N. J., church and has launched a campaign of prayer for alcoholics in his memory. Some Catholic members of Alcoholics Anonymous have formed Matt Talbot groups and go into retreats in bodies.

Many carry medallions of Matt Talbot, much as some automobile drivers carry medallions of St. Christopher to guard against accidents. This practice, however, has not the sanction of the Catholic Church, as Talbot has not yet been canonized.

The Roman Catholic diocese of Dublin, after a six-year investigation, has recently had its findings accepted by the Vatican and the lengthy Apostolic Process has been opened.

This means that, if the Vatican finds the evidence conclusive, he will eventually be declared a saint. Thousands of ex-drunkards and drunkards on the way to reform consider him one already.

By Paul I. Murphy

THE year was 1925. A gaunt, stooped man of 69 made his painful way along a Dublin, Ireland, street toward the church.

He shuffled, his progress impeded by chains on arms and legs. He was no convict or political prisoner.

The bonds which he had worn for 12 long years were a self-imposed penance for 16 years of riotous drinking which had ended 41 years before.

On that day, 22 years ago, Matt Talbot was minutes away from death. His step became slower and slower. He never reached the church. With a shuddering sigh he crumpled to the rough cobblestones of his native city and breathed his last.

They buried Matt Talbot in a Dublin cemetery. Everybody in Dublin had known him. He was that queer fellow who shambled between home and church in chains, with the lines of suffering deep in his face and his eyes set upon a distant horizon. A saint? Matt Talbot? Surely no!

Yet today the Catholic Church has set in motion procedure that possibly may bring canonization to that same Matt Talbot, and today thousands of men and women who have fallen prey to the consuming desire for alcohol look to him for guidance.

For Matt Talbot, a poor dock worker, proved incontrovertibly that man's free will, bolstered by an unquestioning dependence on the benevolence of a higher power, is more

than a match for the vicious habit which can destroy the will itself.

Matt Talbot's story is of a simple pattern. It progresses chronologically from tragic despair to a spiritual awakening, through the torture of self-denial, onto the exalted plane of sustained victory, and spins itself out, on that cobblestoned Dublin street, as a glorious symbol for future generations of fellow-sufferers.

They brought Matt home dead drunk one night when he was 12 years old. He was a messenger boy for a Dublin wine firm and had tapped his boss' readily available merchandise. That was the beginning. He drank steadily from that day on.

Barely in his teens, he went to work on the docks. There he was exposed to vast stores of bonded whiskies. His consumption of liquor increased until he couldn't—or so he thought—live without it.

By the time he had taken up the trade of bricklaying he was a confirmed, apparently hopeless drunkard. For the next 13 years he lived in taverns.

When he was 23 revelation came to Matt Talbot. In a sudden, shattering realization that he had no friends. One day he was too drunk to report for work. He kept on drinking for a week. On Saturday he was penniless. He waited for his cronies, confident they would furnish him sustenance over the week

end. One by one they passed him by with curt nods.

Cut to the heart, deserted in his need, Matt went home. Craving the only solace he had known for 16 years, disillusioned, ashamed, Matt Talbot faced his great new problem. Time and again he started out in search of liquor and time and again he forced himself to return home. He had no extensive education but instinctively he knew what psychiatrists know today—that the "first drink" would be his complete ruin.

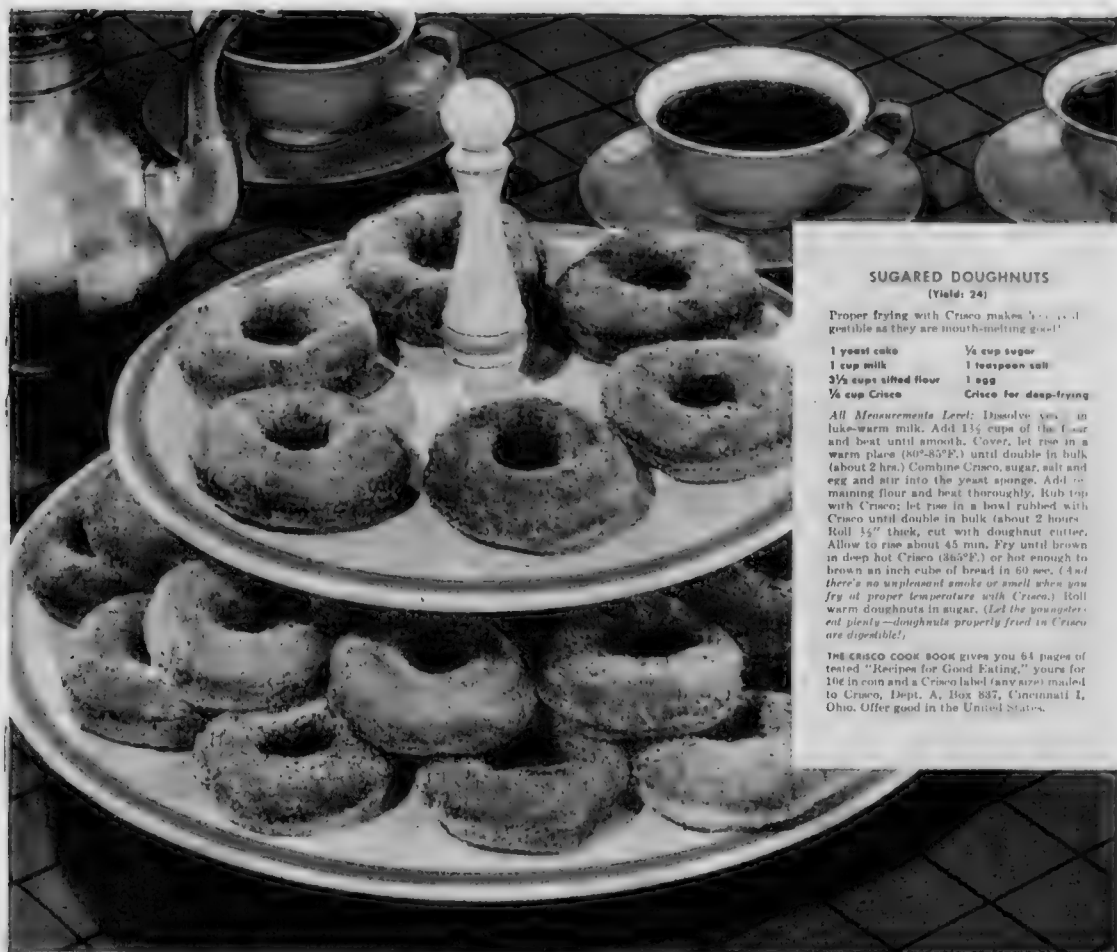
Hour after hour, day after day, with no one or nothing except the voice of his own conscience to aid him, he fought temptation. From some place deep in his soul he drew the necessary strength.

Even in his agony he painstakingly laid out a program to help him in his battle. The first requisite, he knew, was one that Alcoholics Anonymous today recognizes as a cardinal principle in the fight against alcohol—dependence on God. He rejoined the church.

On his way home from work he studiously avoided passing the pub where his former cronies revelled.

He slept on a bare board and arose at 2 a.m. to pray for strength until the hour of work arrived. He attended Mass every morning. Gradually, though the urge for drink never quite left him, he grew in spiritual stature. For 41 years, the last 12 in penitential chains, Matt Talbot followed his program of self-control.

Illustrated by RAFAEL DE SOTO



SUGARED DOUGHNUTS

(Yield: 24)

Proper frying with Crisco makes doughnuts as digestible as they are mouth-melting good!

1 yeast cake	¼ cup sugar
1 cup milk	1 teaspoon salt
3½ cups sifted flour	1 egg
¼ cup Crisco	Crisco for deep-frying

All Measurements Level: Dissolve yeast in lukewarm milk. Add 1½ cups of the flour and beat until smooth. Cover, let rise in a warm place (80°-85°F.) until double in bulk (about 2 hrs.). Combine Crisco, sugar, salt and egg and stir into the yeast sponge. Add remaining flour and beat thoroughly. Rub top with Crisco; let rise in a bowl rubbed with Crisco until double in bulk (about 2 hours). Roll ½" thick, cut with doughnut cutter. Allow to rise about 45 min. Fry until brown in deep hot Crisco (365°F.) or hot enough to brown an inch cube of bread in 60 sec. (And there's no unpleasant smoke or smell when you fry at proper temperature with Crisco.) Roll warm doughnuts in sugar. (Let the youngsters eat plenty—doughnuts properly fried in Crisco are digestible!)

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"You should have seen my family put a hole in these doughnuts!"

"Yummy, yummy—those fluffy, puffy Crisco doughnuts! Every crisp, tender mouthful was a sweet treat. What's more, my doughnuts were as *digestible* as they were delicious!

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them! And goodness knows, it's easy as can be to fry foods light and tender with that super Crisco.

"Believe me, from now on my family will have all they want of crisp, digestible foods fried in that super Crisco—the same pure, creamy Crisco I always depended on for cloud-light cakes and tender, flaky pastry. Three cheers for Crisco, say 1—and Crisco for all 3—cakes, pastry and fried foods!



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TWO BOYS and a DOG

The Importation of a German Police Dog Began a Business Venture Which Now Includes a Successful Hotel Chain and Wide Realty Holdings

ROBERT LOWELL MOORE shuffled his feet uncomfortably on the Southampton dock, looked at Ernest Henderson, and then both of them looked at Hans.

"Listen, Hans," said Moore, clearing his throat, "that ship is the Mauretania, and it's going to take us home to the United States where we've got to sell a lot of German cameras and field glasses."

"But, Hans," Ernest Henderson cut in, "this is 1920, and some Americans are still mad at any thing German—including dogs. And dogs can't travel on the Mauretania, anyway. So, this is just a joke."

Hans sat down and turned his intelligent and steady eyes on the two young Bostonians he had adopted months before.

"But did it," Henderson and Moore began unloading their precious cameras and binoculars from their duffel bags.

With a warning to be quiet, Hans was practically stuffed into one of the bags.

That's how Hans, a German shepherd dog, came to America. And that's how Robert Moore and Ernest Henderson—with the able assistance of brother George Henderson—parlayed the dog into a \$50,000,000 corporation, with more than 10,000 stockholders, the first hotel corporation listed on the New York Stock Exchange. It owns and operates 28 hotels in 22 cities, among other business ventures.

Robert Moore and Ernest Henderson, both outstanding aviators in World War I, came home with Hans to find little action in the camera and binocular market. They walked the streets. Hans plodded faithfully behind and pretended he didn't hear them when they hinted darkly that he was a jinx.

Then, one afternoon, a woman from fashionable Beacon Hill stopped them and patted Hans' tawny head.

"He's a beautiful dog," she exclaimed. "Would you consider selling him?"

Hans wagged his tail and nuzzled the woman's hand.

"I would gladly pay \$100 for him," she said.

The young men accepted the offer and got cash on the spot, Hans, giving them an understanding look, trotted off to Beacon Hill with his new boss. He seemed to know that he had set his former masters up in business.

Moore and the Henderson brothers wasted no time in writing to a friend in Germany to find out if there were any police dogs available.

MONTHS passed without an answer. Then they got a call from the master of a freighter tied up at Boston's Nyctæ Pier.

"Are you ready to accept the cargo?" the master wanted to know.

"We're not expecting any cargo," Ernest Henderson said.

"Well," the captain said, "I've got 100 German police dogs consigned to you. You'd better come down here."

The three partners went to the dock and found 100 yapping dogs in wooden crates.

Only 50 of them were German police dogs. The other 50 were mongrels.

Investigation disclosed that the freighter's first port of call on this side of the Atlantic was Halifax, Nova Scotia, where members of the freighter's crew took 50 prize dogs ashore and brought back 50 mongrels—and quite a bit of cash.

The Henderson brothers and Moore looked at the assorted cargo, and said they had just retired from the dog importing business.

The freighter unloaded the dogs on the pier and the Animal Rescue League took over, in the midst of a furore of publicity.

A few days later, a classified advertisement was printed in a Boston newspaper. It announced that the United States government was about to hold an auction of German police dogs to cover costs and other charges.

One firm of Henderson & Moore dug into its assets, found \$100. The partners figured on buying a dozen or so of the dogs and selling them to "assumes," Ernest Henderson said.

"We had to fight our way through the crowd to get close enough to hear the auctioneer. The first dog went for \$25. One of the mongrels brought \$300. We retired more or less gracefully."

Not long after the auction a deputy United States marshal visited the Hendersons and Moore.

You were the consignees of a shipment of German dogs," he began.

"We never ordered any dogs. We just queried a friend in Germany,"

"Please, gentlemen," the marshal pleaded, "help me out in this matter. We sold the dogs. We satisfied the shipper, customs, everybody concerned, except the consignee. Now we want to close our books and we can't do it if you gentlemen will accept this voucher for \$3,400."

"Well, if you insist," said a member of the firm, "and drop in any time."



Illustrated by O. F. SCHMIDT

With this windfall—which grew out of the \$100 they got for Hans—the brothers Henderson and Robert Moore decided to enter the international banking firm.

They rented a one-story building on Court St. and sent a \$40 deposit to a bank in London. A Paris bank got another \$20. So did banks in Amsterdam and Antwerp.

With an outlay of \$200, the trio established credit in Europe and their first transaction gained them quite a bit of respect in America. They bought a million francs from an old-line Boston bank. The same day they sold the million francs back to the same bank's foreign exchange department, and made a one per cent profit on rising market. The bank's officials still shake their heads when the deal is mentioned.

As long as they were established in Europe, the three young men decided to become importers, not only of dogs, but of all kinds of merchandise.

They went back to binoculars and cameras, and added flashlights. Between 1922 and 1924, they brought a million of the latter into the country and sold them at a profit.

Then came a flier in those German-made estate paper suits for men. The suits cost a few pennies, American money, and looked presentable if the wearer didn't go out in the rain or indulge in strenuous exercise on a warm day. But they didn't catch the fancy of American men, even at 50 cents a suit, vest included.

An undertaker friend of the firm of Moore and Henderson finally pulled the deal out of the red. "I can use suits like that," he said, "because many people are not able to pay for an expensive

suit of clothes to be worn and seen but once. I'll buy a hundred and other undertakers will buy them, too!"

All the paper suits were sold, at 25 cents each, and the firm came out of the venture with a profit.

In an informal way, the profitable partnership of Robert Moore and Ernest Henderson had its beginning when they were students at Harvard in 1914.

At that time, one of the large automobile manufacturing companies that later began to make trucks had not yet entered the field. Dealers and owners of used car lots made their own trucks by removing the bodies of that make of car and replacing them with improved superstructures.

Moore and Henderson bought up the discarded bodies for \$25 apiece, put them on earlier model

frames, and then sold the finished product for \$175 and up.

Then came the war, the reunion in Europe, the return to America with Hans—and their decision to enter a new field, radio, then in its crystal set days.

They opened one little store, kept expanding until they had 30 stores in New England, and then formed World Radio (the International touch against producing sets for \$99.50. They assembled the first sets themselves.

Meantime, the Henderson brothers and Moore were quietly studying real estate. When the stock market crashed and real estate speculators discovered they had over-extended themselves, the firm moved into the picture with \$10,000 borrowed from World Radio.

Three of five years, by buying at base and not paper figures, they controlled \$30,000,000 worth of real estate, including several hotels.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

February 8, 1918



They Had to Retire From Bidding on Their Own Dogs When the First Went for Two Hundred and Fifty Dollars. A Mongrel Brought Three Hundred Dollars, Making Their Hundred-Dollar Bill Look Awfully Small.

They'd rather buy hotels than deal in them. Today they say the cost of building a hotel today ranges from \$8,000 to \$12,000 a room, and they figure to buy hotels from \$2,000 to \$2,500 a room.

Their firm, the Sheraton Corporation of America, now owns 29 hotels, including the latest acquisition, Chicago's towering Continental Hotel, now renamed the Chicago Sheraton.

In addition, the corporation owns nine office buildings, including the Sheraton-Windsor Hotel Building on Battery Place, New York—the first building on the right as you enter America.

The office buildings represent a third of the \$100,000,000 investments and produce a third of the profits.

Just as Vice-President Page Brown, a boss of the office building division, so runs hotel manager is his own boss. The Henderson brothers and Moore travel all over the country, not to inspect their properties, but to inspect, and buy up, new properties.

Between trips they discuss plans for a campaign to commemorate Hans, the German police dog, who died years ago after starting them on the way with his "investment" of \$100, a sum he put level into a \$50,000,000 corporation without benefit of paid-mutuals, but for the benefit of their more than 10,000 stockholders.



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washing machines

SO SAFE FOR CLOTHES... SO KIND TO HANDS

New Rinso is another fine product of Lever Brothers Company

By Dan Parker

BECAUSE it calls upon immature three-year-olds to deliver "too much, too soon," the Kentucky Derby, instead of being a springboard to fame for race horses is often a stepping stone to oblivion.

A checkup on what becomes of Derby winners reveals that a surprisingly large number of them break down as a result of what they put into this blue ribbon event of the turf and what it takes out of them.

Many a shrewd owner has developed great stake horses by detouring the Derby and waiting for them to attain their full growth and strength before putting them to the test.

There are many things wrong with the Derby as a sporting spectacle, most of these having to do with the tendency of every one connected with it, directly or otherwise, to treat it as an open season on suckers.

But, as for the race itself, it has only two faults: the distance is too short and the date is too early.

One mile and a half is the accepted Derby distance, as set by THE Derby, run in June every year at Epsom Downs, England. From 1875 to 1895, inclusive, the Kentucky Derby route was a mile and a half, too, but since 1896, the distance has been a mile and a quarter.

If, instead of reducing the distance in 1896 in recognition of the fact that the test was too severe for three-year-olds, the management of the Derby had decided to run the race during the fall, instead of the spring, meeting at Churchill Downs, something really constructive would have been accomplished for American racing.

Because race horses automatically become one year older every New Year's, in so far as racing usage is concerned, many a three-year-old by the rule book is only a two-year-old by the calendar at Derby time.

But even a genuine three-year-old hasn't attained his full strength, come Derby time.

Since the race is run so early in the season, it is hard to bring three-year-olds to their top form in time.

On the other hand, after a sum-



The Spectre of Oblivion Stands Ready at the Finish Line to Enfold Many a Winner of the Kentucky Turf Classic.

DERBY WINNERS'

Sad Prospect

mer of racing, a three-year-old is much stronger, has grown considerably and, naturally, is in finer racing fettle, than he was in the spring.

Going back 35 years to Donerail, the 1913 Derby winner, we find the colt earned only \$15,171 during his career and was retired in 1916 when, after a year's rest, he failed to show much in his few starts that season.

All is forgiven by those who backed Donerail in the Derby, however, as he paid \$31.45 to \$1, the longest price in the history of the classic.

Old Rosebud went wrong in the withers after winning the 1914 Derby and was retired until 1917. The two-year rest in the case of this famous old gelding seems to have remedied the damage done by the strain imposed upon him prematurely at Churchill Downs because he became a leading handicap horse.

Running as a claimer in 1922, when 11 years old, Old Rosebud broke a leg at Jamaica and had to be destroyed. What an inglorious end for a proud Derby winner!

Regret, the "woman in the case" where the Derby is concerned, was a good handicap performer for two seasons after her three-year-old campaign but never produced a high class foal after being retired in 1916 to become a brood mare.

Paul Jones, a gelding, was retired after his 4-year-old campaign to become a lead pony despite the fact he had beaten Exterminator in the Su-

burban in 1920, the year he won the Derby.

Behave Yourself, to quote the official booklet on the Derby issued annually by Churchill Downs, "accomplished nothing worth while after the Derby victory. Retired to stud, he begot nothing, and then was turned over to U. S. Remount Service in Colorado."

After a great juvenile campaign in which he piled up 11 victories, Morvich won the 1922 Derby in his debut as a three-year-old but never again finished first in a race.

Zev, first of the big money winners, was retired as a four-year-old after annexing the 1923 Derby, but, aside from Zevson, left no descendants to add glory to the name of the sire who won \$313,040.

The strain of winning four Derbies in one season was too much for Black Gold and he was retired in 1924 at the end of his three-year-old campaign.

Not satisfied that he was through, his owner returned him to the races in 1927. Running at the Fair Grounds in New Orleans that year, Black Gold broke his leg in a stretch duel, and had to be destroyed.

Bubbling Over never ran again after winning the Derby in 1926 but he sired some good race horses, including Burgoo King who won the Derby in 1932.

Whiskery, the 1927 winner, failed at the stud, when retired in 1929 and went back to the races. Again in 1931 he was retired to stud with the same disappointing result. Then he became a prosaic saddle horse.

Clyde Van Dusen, a gelding, broke down some time after winning the 1929 Derby but after a long rest, returned to the races and ran as a claimer until he was 10. He wound up as a lead pony for the stable of Clyde Van Dusen, a horseman for whom he was named.

Twenty Grand, 1931 winner, was retired to the stud at the end of his three-year-old campaign, but proved impotent. He resumed racing in 1933 in England but was a flop. He was unplaced in the 1935 Santa Anita Handicap and wound up a pensioner of the late Mrs. Payne Whitney.

Burgoo King, after winning the Derby and the Preakness in 1932, broke down. Brokers Tip, the following year, won the Derby but broke down in the Preakness and was retired to the stud.

Cavalcade developed hoof trouble as a four-year-old after rolling up the Kentucky, American and Detroit Derbies and other stakes in his three-year-old campaign in 1934, and was retired.

An effort was made to bring him back in 1936 for the Santa Anita Handicap but he wouldn't stand training.

Shipping fever killed him in 1910.

Bold Venture followed a well trodden route when he broke down in 1936 after winning the Derby and the Preakness. Lawrin was retired after his three-year-old campaign in 1938 and Johnstown, the following year, went stale after his victories in the Derby and the Belmont.

Gallahadion started seven times as a three-year-old after winning the 1940 Derby but finished first only once. In 1941 he won only one race in 14 starts, earning a measly \$2,850, and was retired.

Count Fleet had to be retired because of a weak foot after blazing the way for future equine greats by winning the five famous spring stakes—the Derby, the Preakness, the Belmont, the Withers and the Wood Memorial—in 1942.

After winning the Derby and the Preakness in 1941, Pensive lost eight in a row, then went into retirement.

Despite a bad leg, Hoop, Jr., finished second in the Preakness after winning the 1945 Derby—and that ended his racing career.

Does anyone remember Jet Pilot? No? Well, he won the 1946 Derby, then went lame in the Preakness and was sent to stud, his racing career over in a flash like the swift flight of a meteor.

Is any more proof needed that the Derby is "too much and too soon" for three-year-old thoroughbreds, or do we have to hit you with the book?

Illustrated by LEE CONREY

The Wonderful Vinegar Jug

By Morris Fishbein, M. D.,

Editor, Journal of the American Medical Ass'n,
and William Engle

OF ALL MEN, small and scrawny Charles Frederick Kaadt, with his nodding head and jerky, hinklike walk, might be the last one likely to have stirred hope in the weary and the heavy laden.

Seeing him the first time, you would take him to be one of those least able of all to win the trust of frightened sufferers stricken by an insurable illness.

He has done it, however, and on a grand and tragic scale. Thousands, young and old, afflicted by diabetes, have turned to him, beseeching, and he has assured them of a cure.

In a long, low brick inn, transformed into the Kaadt Diabetic Institute in South Whitley, Ind., he has admitted as many as 100 patients a day. Daily receipts have run toward \$2,000. He has flouted the accepted scientific use of insulin, the protein hormone that can control the disease, although not cure it, and he has prescribed a potion of his own.

His potion has been, largely, vinegar and salt-peter, his charge to a patient, \$30 a gallon. On good business days, he has dispensed 75 to 100 gallons a day.

There has been no other charlatan anywhere to challenge him as the most extraordinary of diabetic mountebanks.

Some of his patients, gravely ill and finally abandoning the vinegar and salt-peter, have gone back to scientific insulin routine in time to save their lives. Others, faithful to him and his remedy, have waited longer. They have died.

HOW many waited too long, no one knows. One medical man, alone, Dr. Joseph H. Barach, of Pittsburgh, has reported to the American Medical Association his own experience.

My record of 17 patients with diabetes who had been in the Kaadt Institute without my knowledge reveals that 12 developed diabetic coma and were taken as emergency cases to various hospitals after the coma had existed for some time. Of these 12 patients, five died.

The Better Business Bureau of Indianapolis reports: "Doctors in many states have disclosed

that at one time patients were coming to them by the hundreds, and that Kaadt had returned home only to grow rapidly worse.

Diabetic coma was the fate of many who had religiously followed the advice given them at the Kaadt Diabetic Institute. Resulting deaths were not uncommon.

The treatment at the Institute, Dr. Barach's patients told him, "consisted of dietary advice, a box of tablets of unknown composition and the drinking of a cider-vinegar mixture with added ingredients."

Into this absurd and fearful doctrine, persuasive Dr. Kaadt came by way of a long small town obscure practice, then railroading.

He was an obscure railroad physician in Fort Wayne, Ind., back in the 1920s, when he apparently discovered that many diabetics so acutely dread the hypodermic needle that they are willing to try almost any means to free them from it.

He offered them a mysterious medicine. "It is derived from a secret formula," he said. "It was disclosed to me by an old European woman."

If you have diabetes, or perhaps still worse, if your child has diabetes, and if you are credulous, such an announcement may catch your imagination. It caught the imagination of many through all the Middle West.

The word went around. "Dr. Kaadt has a cure. No needle. No insulin. A secret formula."

"Gallon after gallon of the Home Treatment," as Kaadt then called the potion, began to leave the post office at Fort Wayne," the Indianapolis Better Business Bureau discloses in a report issued recently. "The Home Treatment" was addressed to poor, unsuspecting people through-

out the country. Hundreds of letters soliciting business went out to prospects from coast to coast. Orders poured in daily with checks, money orders and currency enclosed.

Finally the Post Office Department pounced. In February, 1938, it ordered Kaadt to show cause why a fraud order should not be issued against him, denying him the use of the mails.

It said the claims about his nostrum were untrue and his sale of it "a scheme for obtaining money through the mails by means of false and fraudulent pretenses and promises."

Kaadt knew when he was cornered. Before the day set for his appearance, he voluntarily entered a stipulation agreeing to abandon the sale of the Home Treatment by mail, and the government, obtaining his signature, considered the matter closed at last.

IT WASN'T closed. A Kaadt diabetes treatment is still alive today. With the mails denied him, Kaadt bought the big South Whitley inn, which had been made unprofitable by the depression of the '30s. There he opened the Institute for "private treatment."

His field was a rich one and he knew it. Charlatans always prosper most among those whose ill run a long course with no suffering in the early stages.

So long as there is no hard pain, many believe, there is no need to hurry to a man of science. There is not much inclination, often, to keep up a long-term cure such as diet and insulin injections for diabetes.

Sometimes the cruder the "cure" offered by a mountebank, the quicker the diabetic reaches for it. The Kaadt "cure" was crude. By accepted

medical standards, it also might be deadly. When you are in full health, those specialized cells of the pancreas called the Islands of Langerhans produce a secretion called insulin. It enters the blood stream and regulates the use of sugar. When the Islands of Langerhans are mysteriously diseased, they do not produce enough insulin. Your body's use of starches and sugar is not normal. You have diabetes.

Another witness testified from a stretcher that showed how far from cured he was. He died while the prosecutor was summing up.

The jury convicted Charles F. Kaadt. But it didn't eliminate him. Judge Thomas W. Slick, now retired, dissolved the conviction and ordered a new trial. By the time it came up, another key witness had died. The hampered prosecutor couldn't bring off the second trial, and the case against Kaadt was dismissed.

IT IS, indeed, hard to down a "sure curer." But Kaadt had learned another lesson. He stopped prescribing by mail. He announced that those who wanted treatment would have to come to the Institute to get it.

They came, hundreds and thousands. How it could happen, in an enlightened country, the American Medical Association couldn't tell. It could only castigate the Institute, denounce the vinegar and salt-peter.

There he saw the evidence of a 12-year-old boy turn the case against him. On the boy's word,

"It is a Secret Formula," the Doctor Said, and People, Lost in Pain and Despair, Took It for Diabetes. They Stopped Insulin, and Ate Cake, and, in Many Instances, Patients Became More Dangerously Ill; Some Lapsed Into a Diabetic Coma Ending in Death.

Dr. Kaadt had never examined him: Kaadt had diagnosed and prescribed by mail. In Kaadt's last letter to the boy's father, he had said:

"Your son is taking too much insulin!" Four days after the letter was received, the boy collapsed from lack of insulin. He nearly died. A Toledo physician had to bring him out of the coma by scientific hospitalization.

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The Indianapolis Better Business Bureau, a crusading organization which already had won nearly 70 cases against fakes in Indiana, was able to take more drastic action.

"We feel that the case of the Kaadt Diabetic Institute at South Whitley involves by far the largest and most reprehensible operation of its kind in the United States," it declared, and it repeated its statement in a bulletin mailed by the thousands in the last year.

With disillusioned, worried people bringing in stories to the Bureau, it decided to see, first hand, the inside of the Institute. It sent an investigator posing as a patient, in June, 1946.

Busy Dr. Kaadt received him with so little interest that he wasn't asked his name. He was interviewed briefly. A chemical analysis was made, and he was informed that he was a diabetic and in need of treatment. He was sold medicine for home use and told to return to the Institute for the three-day course of treatment in August.

Three hours after Kaadt diagnosed him as a diabetic, tests were run in a highly reputable clinical laboratory. The tests ruled out any possibility that he had diabetes.

Kaadt didn't know it, but real trouble was gathering. The Indianapolis Star was getting ready to investigate, too, and a few weeks later one of its reporters, Robert Johnson under another name, went to South Whitley as a patient.

By this time, Kaadt had his brother, Peter S. Kaadt, collaborating with him, and it was Peter who received the report from the Star.

Peter doesn't resemble Charles at all. At 75, he stands tall, broad-shouldered and erect. He has

an air of patience and gentleness. You might take him to be the kindest of old-time country doctors.

Johnson found he wasn't. After a brief, shock experience, the reporter came out of the Institute, and he wrote a scathing series of articles beginning:

I have received a two-day treatment for diabetes at the hands of Dr. Peter S. Kaadt of the former Kaadt Diabetic Institute. The institute had been abandoned, and his assurance that I should recover quickly would be worth the \$30 it cost. The Star wrote it not for the fact that I was a diabetic, but for the fact that I was a diabetic.

Previously an able specialist had pronounced him free of diabetes and an insurance company had been a large policy to him.

He went to investigate, and he came away with that old-time, mysterious potion, the three-month supply of vinegar and salt-peter. Before he left, he had the treatment, which was mainly one of dieting, and it was extraordinary dieting for a patient who might have expected little starch or sugar.

"At supper one evening," he reported, "all the genuine diabetics around me expressed their delight at the presence on the table of sugar cookies, which were almost as happy as they became the next day at dinner when dessert was vanilla cream and chocolate cake."

MEANWHILE, the Better Business Bureau was tightening its net. It filed a petition with the United States District Court at Indianapolis, Indiana asking revocation of Charles F. Kaadt's medical license. It charged his treatment of diabetics amounted to "gross immorality."

In many instances, the Bureau said, the only effect of the treatment was to render the patients more dangerously ill and in some cases project them into a coma ending in death.

Another petition by the Bureau asked revocation of Peter S. Kaadt's medical license on very similar charges.

Hearings began on January 11, 1947, and the testimony of witnesses, in this day of scientific knowledge, was almost beyond belief.

Dark-haired, bright-eyed Marjory Bartlett, 20, of Hanover, Pa., slinking wearily and strong now on insulin, took the stand.

"Dr. Charles Kaadt told me that this is good for persons suffering from diabetes," she said. "He told me he could cure me completely."

"After taking the Kaadt cure," she said, she went suddenly into a diabetic coma and was found by a nurse.

Mrs. Flossie Pugh, of Antwerp, O., looking well now, too, said she had spent three days at the Institute in 1945, with a dreadful result.

After the three days, she said, she was advised by Charles Kaadt to reduce the amount of insulin she was taking and eventually to discontinue the use of insulin entirely.

Following that advice, she too, went into a diabetic coma. She and Miss Bartlett and Hugh C. Brown, 1030 North Hancock St., Indianapolis, another former inmate patient, paid the usual \$30 for medicine to take home.

Thereafter, Kaadt told the "cure" dispensed by Charles F. Kaadt at \$30 a gallon cost mostly of weak vinegar and salt-peter and could be made for 20 cents a gallon.

After this fire, Charles F. Kaadt withdrew. He gave up. His lawyers said he was ready to agree to a "cancellation of his medical license, over to agree to have it 'cancelled' with prejudice."

The medical board considered the case and the case of the Kaadt cure, would a license, promised never again to practice medicine in Indiana.

PETER was more obstinate. He fought on, although there was testimony that he had admitted the absolute discontinuance of insulin in many cases, and although he himself on cross-examination admitted he knew his medicine was worthless, which would bear out his theories of diabetic treatment.

The medical board, in a unanimous decision, found him guilty of all charges and ordered his license revoked. He appealed to the Circuit Court and it returned the grounds that the evidence against him was insufficient. Then the Better Business Bureau prepared to carry the case still higher to the State Supreme Court.

It is a long, hard fight to put any diabetics back out of business. But each time it is done, medical science grows a little stronger.

Each time a man like Charles F. Kaadt is crushed, some men and women and children have a better chance of not dying early, with the death certificate saying: "Diabetes mellitus."

Another story about "Medical Hucksters" will appear in The American Weekly next week.

By Charles Goddard

IT WAS just like one of those mass melodramas where the villain turns out to be the most irreproachable member of the cast.

But this was in real life and perhaps British detectives don't see enough movies—anyhow, not until they had eliminated almost everyone else in the little community of Lostwithiel in Cornwall, England, did they think of pinning a series of jewelry thefts on the Methodist minister's only wife.

Ethel Ellen, 49-year-old wife of the Reverend W. G. Carty, was a thoroughly good woman, as even the roughest gossip would not deny, yet that was the clue, according to expert medical testimony at the hearing.

She was too good, "unco guid," the Scotch call it. As a minister's wife, Mrs. Carty not only obeyed the ten commandments but felt it her duty to have no vices, including vanity and that one, the mind experts said, was the cause of her undoing.

As a pretty, young bride, eager to do right, she used neither lipstick nor rouge which nobody noticed because minister's wives, in those days, did not "pamper."

However, it was remarked that she never wore jewelry except her plain gold wedding ring. When asked about this she would laugh it off.

"How would a parson's wife, in a hamlet like this, have money for jewelry? And, if I ever do, I have more important extravaganzas in mind."

Had she boasted that the sacrifice was a virtue, this too would have been vanity. Her husband knew the truth but only half of it, for he had seen her wearing jewels before she mar-

THE TOO-GOOD Lady OF THE PARSONAGE

whispered, "What's the use of being good?"

"Blood, sweat and tears—but victory," answered a great voice that made the British bulldog hang on in its darkest hour.

None was more serene outwardly or more confident than the minister's wife but somewhere along the line, the last straw had been laid on her back—too many conflicts had been banished from her conscious mind.

The breakout came in the most unexpected place, the mind cell where the vice of vanity had been imprisoned during all her married life.

About four years ago, bits of jewelry began disappearing in Lostwithiel. At first these were thought to have been mislaid until it happened too often for such an explanation.

All the victims, being friends of the minister's wife, came to her for counsel but were not greatly surprised that a woman who cared nothing for

such gauds showed small interest when there were so many life-and-death problems to be solved.

For the same reason they did not bother the authorities during the war, nor for some time after, until a few months ago when the situation became intolerable. Someone among these good friends and honest neighbors was a thief and suspicion pointed from one to another until all agreed that the law must be called in.

Constable Kendall quickly realized that it was a strange case.

The total losses, reported over more than three years, added up to the ridiculously small value of 130 pounds, roughly \$520. No professional thief would bother with such trifles;

also all victims were certain that no stranger had been around, nor could a sneak thief have gotten in.

It had to be one of their own circle of tried-and-true friends or one of their children. This last was borne out by the theft of a purse containing an amount less than \$1.75 from a Mrs. Pedlar, which caused her nine-year-old son to be looked into among the first.

Not until all had been investigated and cleared, did Constable Kendall turn reluctant eyes upon the saintly woman who had no use for such trinkets and the rest was easy. Some jewels were planted in a drawer of the Pedlar home and things arranged for Mrs. Carty to have a chance to steal them.

She walked into the trap, confessed not only that theft but all the others, returning all of the pitiful loot from hiding places in the parsonage. Ethel said she did not know what made her do it but that she deserved the full punishment of the law.

The court did not concur. After hearing medical testimony that she suffered from kleptomania, due to the equivalent of battle fatigue, the Magistrate of Tywardreath Court bound her over for three years, much the same as in the United States would be called "putting her on probation."

Looking at her good boy, still in service and home on furlough from the Middle East, the court said:

"I think she has been punished enough."

A Series of Mysterious Theft Kept the Village on Edge, but No One Could Suspect Its Most Righteous Inhabitant

ried him and regretted her hiding away the modest engagement solitaire he had gone without lunches to buy but little dreamed the struggle it was costing her to suppress the vanity vice.

Still everyone has some sort of temptation to resist, some sort of inward struggle, and all went well.

Ethel presented her husband with a boy and saw to it that he grew up to set an example to the boys of all Cornwall, as she did to the Cornish women and she found time to help her husband in his parish duties.

All this took a lot out of her but she was a healthy woman and had it give, until the second war added new strains.

Her good boy went off to the front but so did precious sons of other mothers, often several from one family, so she said, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth" and set an example of cheerfulness, pointing out that Cornwall, having little in the way of war industry, the Germans did not bother to bomb it, so the little children were safe. Alas, in wartime nothing seems to be an unmixed blessing.

Cornwall's immunity caused children to be shipped there from London and other bomb targets, until Lostwithiel swarmed with unhappy youngsters, running in and out of its homes, screaming and slamming doors, especially the parsonage, forcing the minister to go out into the woods to write his sermons, but Ethel had no such respite.

Here was the duty of advising homesick, little incorrigibles and how to make them behave.

"I used to love children," some of the exasperated foster mothers told her, "but this is beyond human endurance."

The same thought had come to Ethel but it was a wicked, unmotherly one, so she banished it from her mind, or so she supposed.

"Look how God permits Hitler wickedest man in the world, to triumph everywhere," the women



The Police Officer Baited His Trap With a Few Cheap Trinkets and Mrs. Carty Fell Into It.

Illustrated by NORMAN MINGO

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY



Del Monte Reporter: "What makes a great illustrator?"

Norman Rockwell: "It takes many qualities — every one important."

"I believe the illustrator should have a genuine sympathy for human problems. And be able to depict them with a quiet gentle humor."

"He should also possess a feeling for homey, familiar situations and have the technical skill to render them in a simple, understandable style."

"No one of these qualities is enough. It takes them *all* to make a fine picture."

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Pistol-Packing GRANDMA

She's a Sweet Old Lady—but Rough on Hoodlums Who Try to Rob Her

IT WAS just a few minutes before midnight and the quiet Chicago street was almost deserted. The two women were alone in the little confectionery store when the door swung open and a grim-faced young man stepped in.

"This is a stick-up," he barked, flourishing a .25-caliber automatic pistol. "You—" he snarled at Mrs. Maude Harrison, 60, the owner, who was behind a counter in the back of the store. "Open the cash register and be quick about it."

She was gray-haired and sweet-faced, and she gazed at him blankly for a moment before moving to obey. She took one step towards the cash register—then turned and ducked through curtains behind her.

"Hey, you!" he yelled and started after her.

Then he stopped and shrugged. Let the old gal go have hysterics—she was harmless. The other woman, Mrs. Sally Kenner, 48, an employee, was still staring at him, motionless, as he reached over the counter and opened the cash register himself.

He was just stuffing the last dollar bill in his pocket when the curtains twitched open again. The "harmless" old lady he had dismissed with a shrug was standing there with a .22 target revolver in her steady hand.

The young bandit was startled by her dramatic reappearance, but only for an

instant. It was a near-fatal instant, however, for as he swung his gun to fire, Mrs. Harrison calmly squeezed the trigger three times.

Her first shot went astray, but the next two struck home in the bandit's side. Without firing a shot, he staggered outside, hailed a passing motorist, and was driven under protest to a hospital. Authorities there turned him over to the police.

The bandit, Norman Gates, 16, might have been a little more wary that night a few weeks ago if he had known that the motherly-looking woman once shot ashes from her father's cigar as part of a pistol exhibition. Mrs. Harrison has been an expert marksman all her life—40 years ago her father owned seven shooting galleries in Florida, and she, her father, and her three sisters gave shooting exhibitions regularly.

"BUT weren't you afraid he would shoot first?" one of her friends asked.

"Pshaw, I could tell from the way he was holding the gun that he couldn't hit the broad side of a barn," said Mrs. Harrison with a spirited smile.

Mrs. Harrison has devoted most of her time in recent years to the little confectionery store where her customers call her "Ma" and the youngsters flock around for her home-made candies and cookies. But



As Calmly As If She Were on a Target Range, the 60-Year-Old Woman Fired Three Times at the Young Bandit.

she likes to "keep her hand in," as she calls it, and in her spare time often visits the Gary police range or practices shooting on her own 50-acre farm.

Gates, who had just been released from White's Insti-

tute, a private reformatory at Wabash, Ind., where he served a term for larceny, was taken to Methodist Hospital, Gary, to recover from his wounds. He pleaded guilty and was given a suspended sentence of 1 year.

"I hated to do it," said Mrs. Harrison. "I like young people. But" she went on, a glint in her usually kind eyes, "nobody can pull a gun on me and get away with it. Not for a few more years, anyway."



June Cotey's smile wins a career in the clouds —

THE SMILE THAT WINS IS THE PEPSODENT SMILE!

June Cotey, Airline Stewardess, flies the exciting New York-to-Chicago run for American Airlines. It's a dream come true for Chicago-born June. For she set her heart on flying when she was a student at Chicago's Austin High. After leaving De Paul University, June joined the Airlines as a reservation clerk . . . progressed rapidly to receptionist in the personnel section—and there she won her "wings." Now passengers often comment on June's winning smile. "It's a Pepsodent smile," June says. "I like the taste of Pepsodent Tooth Paste—and it really keeps my teeth bright. You know, a bright smile is part of my job!"

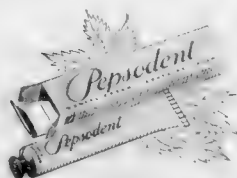
Do YOU have a winning smile? Has Pepsodent helped your smile and career? Send your picture and story to Pepsodent, 141 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Ill. If used, you will receive professional model fees.

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over any other tooth paste!

Like June Cotey, people all over America prefer New Pepsodent with Irium for brighter smiles. In recent weeks, smiles from coast to coast compared New Pepsodent with brands they'd been using at home. It's an average of 3 to 1, they preferred Pepsodent Tooth

Paste over any other leading brand they tried!

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THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Scared Healthy

EVERYBODY wants to be healthy and millions see their doctors, take medicines or follow exercise and diets in pursuit of that goal.

Few, however, would care to take the strange cure that put Jim Strong, a long-ailing Londoner, back on his feet the other night in one quick, uneasy treatment.

Jim, nicknamed "Lotto," because he's only 4 ft. 6 in. tall, was alone in a garage office about 1 A. M., keeping an eye on trucks out in the yard and worrying about his poor health.

He'd suffered from dyspepsia, ulcers and lumbago for nine years and now he feared he couldn't stick it out a few months longer to get the pension due him at 65. Suddenly a couple of shadows brushed past his window and the door banged open.

Two masked gunmen confronted the watchman. "Where's that money going to Manchester in the morning?" one growled. "I don't know nothin' about it," said Jim.

"Oh, yer don't, eh?"—and the thug crashed his knuckles hard across Jim's face.

The other robber thrust a gun into the watchman's ribs. "Talk or it's curtains," he warned.

The little invalid stubbornly shook his head and was knocked cold with the gunbutt. When he awakened the crooks were gone with a bit of petty cash, but the payroll was intact in its hiding place.

The miraculous thing, though, was that instead of robbing Jim of his remaining health, the incident apparently cured all his ailments.

That afternoon the little man strolled into a pub and drank a pint of beer—his first in years. "Aven't felt so good since I were a youngster," he boasted. "Not a pain anywhere."

A prominent London psychologist explained that the holdup probably cleared Jim's mind of "a backlog of worry or fear, bordering on self-hypnosis, from which he had suffered unconsciously for years." This had caused his symptoms of illness.

Doctors had been unable to break the shadowy bonds. Then the gunmen came along and scared him back to health.



When the Robber Slugged the Little Invalid, He Did Him a Favor.

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NEW SICKNESS AND ACCIDENT PLAN INCLUDES \$2500 WEEKLY BENEFIT FEATURE

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THE average family has an income of less than \$65 a week. Because of the high cost of living, they can't save enough money to meet sudden doctor or hospital bills, in case accident or sickness strikes. The 60-year-old North American Accident Insurance Company of Chicago has a special plan which gives just the kind of protection such families need. It pays \$25 a week for 10 weeks for certain specified accidents and sicknesses. Also, this Premier Limited Double Duty Policy pays \$25 a week for 4 weeks for accidents requiring hospital confinement. Yet the total cost is only \$12 a year. This new plan also has a double-indemnity feature covering travel accidents. You receive \$50 a week if disabled by an accident in a bus, taxicab, street car, train, etc., and \$75 a week if the accident requires hospital confinement. There is another new special feature that pays up to \$25 cash for doctor bills, even for a minor accident such as a cut finger. In case of accidental death the policy pays one thousand dollars cash to your family. Two thousand if caused by a travel accident.

In addition it covers many sicknesses including pneumonia, cancer, appendicitis operation, etc., paying the weekly benefits whether confined to home or hospital.

The purpose of this new policy is to bring sickness and accident protection within the reach of men and women who do not have large savings with which to meet sudden doctor or hospital bills, or lost income. The entire cost is only \$12 a year (or \$12.50 if paid in convenient monthly payments of \$2.50 down and \$2.00 a month for 5 months)

for both men and women between the ages of 15 and 64 inclusive. Between the ages of 65 and 75 the cost is only \$18 a year. Protects you 24 hours a day. No reduction in benefits regardless of age. No medical examination of any kind is required.

If you are now a member of some worthy hospitalization plan you still need this additional protection. Only a small percentage of people are confined to a hospital — and even then only for a fraction of the time they are disabled. Most people are confined at home where hospitalization plans do not apply. The North American Plan pays specified benefits regardless of whether you are confined to your home or to a hospital.

North American Accident Insurance Company of Chicago has been in business for more than sixty years and is one of the largest sickness and accident companies. It has paid out over \$43,000,000 to grateful policy holders when they needed help most. North American is licensed by the Insurance Departments of 47 States and the District of Columbia.

Men and women who would like full details about this new plan are urged to send for a revealing booklet called "Cash or Sympathy." This booklet is absolutely free. It will come by ordinary mail without charge or obligation of any kind. No agent will call to deliver it. We suggest you get a free copy by mailing coupon to Premier Policy Division, North American Accident Insurance Co. of Chicago, 830 Broad Street, Dept. 104, Newark 2, New Jersey.

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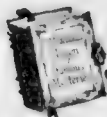
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CASE OF THE FATAL ANNIVERSARY



By Peter Levins

JOE SILVEY had seen something there under that overhanging bower of apple blossoms. But he didn't say anything about it when he went back to the car.

On that Sunday afternoon, April 27, 1929, Silvey, a steamfitter's helper, had been driving with his brother Nicholas on the Ardsley Road, in the town of Greenburgh, Westchester County, N. Y. They were heading for White Plains, where Joe lived.

"Stop a second, will you, Nick?" Joe said when they had reached a secluded stretch of road.

Nick stopped. Joe got out, climbed a low stone fence, and dropped into the adjacent field.

He approached an apple tree, which was in bloom.

"What's the matter, Joe?" his brother asked when he returned to the car.

Joe moved his tongue along his lips. He looked pale and frightened. "Matter?" he echoed. "How do you mean?"

"You look sick."

Joe licked his lips again, then nodded dazedly. "Yeah," he said. "I—feel—sick."

"Well, get in, and let's go."

Joe climbed back into the front seat and they resumed their journey.

"Still feel sick?" Nick inquired after a while.

Joe nodded. "Yeah."

"Musta eaten something that disagreed with you."

Six hours later, Patrolman Roy Turner of the White Plains police visited his mother's home on Seneca Ave., where bachelor Joe Silvey boarded.

Presently Joe drew the officer to one side. He still looked dazed and frightened.

"Could you come up to my room for a minute, Roy?" he asked.

"What's the matter?"

"I—I want to tell you something."

Turner complied. Once in the room, Joe closed the door behind them.

"Okay," said the officer. "What's on your mind, Joe?"

"I—made a discovery this afternoon,"

the 26-year-old mechanic blurted. "I was

so stunned I didn't know what to do about

it. Besides, I didn't want to get mixed

up in such a thing!"

"Pull yourself together, Joe! What are you

talking about?"

"We were driving along the Ardsley Road

Nick and me. We stopped and I got out. I went

over a wall and into a field. I walked toward an

apple tree. Then I saw her!

"It was a body, lying there underneath the

tree! It was a girl—a woman! I almost fainted!"

He covered his eyes as he continued:

"At first I told myself it probably was a store

dummy someone had thrown away. Then I took

another look and saw that it was real."

He licked his lips and took his hands away

from his horrified eyes.

"She had almost nothing on. It looked as if

her clothes had burned off her. There was nothing

on her but her stockings."

PATROLMAN TURNER called Chief of Police

John J. Joyce of White Plains. Joyce contacted

Capt. Philip J. McQuillan of the Greenburgh force.

Soon Joe Silvey was guiding Capt. McQuillan and

Medical Examiner Amos O. Squire to that peace-

ful spot under the bower of blossoms.

The body was that of a girl about 20 years old.

All her clothing except the gray silk stockings,

which were rolled down around the ankles, ap-

peared to have been consumed by fire.

Obviously, an attempt had been made to de-

stroy the victim's features, for the scorched rem-

nant of a bath towel, smelling of kerosene, lay

beside the head. A few feet away was an empty

milk bottle, also reeking of kerosene.

There were no traces of the young woman's

shoes; apparently her slayer had taken the pre-

caution of disposing of them elsewhere. (A short

while before this case a torch murderer over in

New Jersey had neglected to do that, with the

result that the detective work in that case had

been greatly simplified.)

It developed, when the body was lifted from

the ground, that one fragment of dress had not

been destroyed. It was a portion of a cretonne

house dress bearing a design of blue cornflowers

and reddish leaves.

This part of the dress had been pressed against

the damp, new-grown grass, and so had not been



Mr. and Mrs. Peacox Struggled With Each Other for Possession of a Gun and What Began as a Party Turned Out to Be a Date With Death.

soon realized that the initial objective of the investigation—the identification of the victim—might prove extremely difficult.

The young woman had been dead for several days at the least; yet no one of her general description had been reported missing from the metropolitan New York area.

Moreover, the slayer seemed to have done a fairly thorough job of obliteration.

No shoes to trace. No laundry marks.

Teeth, yes. If all else failed, they would have to try the protracted process of tracing the girl's identity through her dental work. But precious time would be lost and the killer would have considerable opportunity to cover his tracks.

That Sunday passed without any progress being made in this all-important phase of the case.

On Monday morning the newspapers were full of the Greenburgh "torch murder." Who was the girl? How—and why—had she died. Was a fiend

at large in Westchester?

In Bronxville, another suburban community

affected by the fire.

"She was strangled," Dr. Squire reported after

he had performed an autopsy on Sunday, the 28th.

"She was strangled before she was burned. Also,

there is a wound in her head, administered by a

blunt instrument. This blow must have stunned

her, but it did not kill her."

Police Capt. McQuillan and his fellow officers

Illustrated by JULES GOTLIEB



She had moved to an apartment on West 143d St., Manhattan, while Earle had remained at the Mt. Vernon address.

Both husband and wife, the police learned, had acquired new friends, possibly new loves.

In recent months, it was discovered, Peacox had been interested in Miss Frances Newman, a blond Manhattan dance hall girl.

She and he, this young woman admitted, had trusted at his place both before and after his wife's disappearance.

Miss Newman told investigators that she first met Peacox on Election Night, 1928, at a popular Broadway dance hall. That same night she visited him in his room on 24th St., she said.

Their most recent rendezvous, she said, had been on Wednesday night, April 24, when he entertained her at the Edison Ave. apartment. At this time Dolly Peacox was already dead, and her body lay undiscovered in that secluded retreat off the Ardsley Road.

"He said he'd had a little trouble Sunday night," she recalled. "He went out riding, he told me, and on his way home he'd picked up a bum on the Boston Road. She was plastered, he told me.

"I said, 'What did you do?' and he said, 'Oh, she was so drunk, she started to scream, and I took her out and dumped her out at the same place where I got her.'"

FRANCES said she asked him if the girl was nice looking, and he had replied, "Yes, quite nice—about 24." Then he had added, according to her:

"If the housekeeper sends up in the morning and asks what the screams were, say it was you." She had agreed to do this.

"I told him, just as a suggestion, I would say that the hallway was dark and I stumbled over something and was frightened and screamed.

"That's great," he said. "Just so long as you remember it in case anything happens in the morning."

"But nothing happened in the morning." In Mt. Vernon, Chief of Detectives Michael Silverstein called at the Edison Ave. house.

Mrs. Muriel Clark, who lived on the ground floor below the Peacox flat, said she had heard screams late that Sunday night. She had heard a feminine voice pleading, "Please, please!" And after that she had heard what she described as a "terrible thumping."

"Then I heard the radio playing," she said, "and it seemed as if somebody was walking around in his stocking feet." Then silence.

"But at about 3 o'clock something woke me up again," she went on. "I heard someone going down the stairs, very slowly. That made me get up and look out the window."

"What did you see?" Silverstein asked.

"A man with a big, bulky bundle.

"I saw him go to a small sedan. I saw him lift the bundle over the rear door, then push it into the rear seat. He drove away."

Silverstein decided to have a look at the Peacox flat. He found:

1. A large spot on the linoleum in the kitchen, which strongly resembled a bloodstain.
2. A fully loaded .45 revolver in the bedroom.
3. An old suit, which smelled of kerosene, tucked away in the bedroom closet.

Soon afterward a traffic officer recognized young Peacox as he was driving through Bronxville and placed him under arrest.

"How could anybody accuse me of murdering my wife?" he asked District Attorney Frank H. Coyne during the session of questioning which immediately ensued. "I loved her! No matter what other girl I might have run around with, Dolly was the only one I ever loved!"

"That may be true," Coyne told him. "But the evidence indicates that you did it."

"What evidence?"

"Your love—and your jealousy. The screams Sunday night. The sight of you carrying her body out of the house. The small sedan. The bloodstain in the kitchen. The gun. The kerosene on that suit."

AS THE grilling grew in intensity, Peacox began to lose his self-control. Several times he knocked over tables and tore up notes that had been taken of his answers.

"I tell you I loved her!" he shouted. "But you were jealous," said Coyne.

Finally the suspect told this story: On that Sunday night he had visited his mother-in-law, then suddenly remembered that it was his wedding anniversary. He became possessed with an irresistible desire to see Dolly, he said, so he had climbed into his car and driven to her apartment on 143d St.

He reached there at about 10 and found her home. He suggested that she go for a ride with him, and she consented. They started out.

"As we headed north toward Westchester," he went on, "I suggested that we go to my place on Edison St., and she agreed. So we went there."

"We went upstairs. All the lights were out. I turned them on. As soon as she entered, Dorothy said it looked like 'the same old dump.'"

"Let me say that I resented this. I snapped back at her. 'Well, it's better than what you've got!' This seemed to anger her greatly. She turned on me suddenly. I don't know just what happened at that instant, but she started to chase me about the face."

He said that they struggled about the room. That he took a fully loaded automatic pistol out of his hip pocket and pointed it at her. (Why he should be carrying a gun was not explained.) He said she screamed at the sight of it, and he struck her over the head with the butt.

"She fell," he continued. "Blood started to spurt all over the place. She kept screaming. She got to her feet and we started struggling again. She knocked the gun out of my hand and got the gun herself."

HE SAID he "guessed" that he was mad. He put one hand over her mouth and the other over her throat. He said he just "hung on."

"Finally, she seemed kind of helpless," he said. "She seemed to be getting cold. Her legs felt as cold as anything. I didn't know what to do."

It was now 2:30 a.m., he continued, and he realized that he must get the body out of the house.

He took off her shoes—but insisted that he did not know just why he did this—and put them in Dolly's hope chest. Then he removed his own overcoat, which he said he had never taken off, and wrapped it around the body. After that came the scene which Mrs. Clark had told about—his slow journey down the stairs to the car.

He carried her to the spot near the Ardsley Road. He wound a rope around her neck to make sure that she was dead. Then he drove back home.

"I didn't do anything more then for several days," he told his listeners. "I went to my mother-in-law's house and talked about Dorothy. Not about being dead, of course, but as though she were still alive—as though she still belonged to me."

"I played cards there, too, but I guess I didn't play very well."

The days passed. Days of dread.

"On the following Saturday morning," he continued, "I was walking past a restaurant when I noticed some milk bottles. They gave me an idea. I took one of the bottles, bought a quart of kerosene, and went back to the spot where I had put the body."

With what apprehension, with what fear of discovery in the act, can well be imagined. He parked his car on the side of the road, climbed over the wall, and proceeded to that spot.

There she lay as he had placed her, cold and still, the dearest thing in his life. But at the same time—now—the most menacing thing in his life.

He poured the kerosene over her and set a match to her.

"I suppose that if I were a real profession I murderer, I would have done a better job," he concluded. "I suppose I would have realized that the back part of her dress wouldn't burn, being pressed against the damp grass. But I was only an amateur, half out of my mind with fear—and sorrow at what I had done."

That was his story.

Except for his unaccountable possession of a .45-caliber automatic, it seemed credible enough. That is, the authorities were inclined to believe that a sudden sentimental impulse had impelled him to effect a reunion, and that he lost control of himself when Dorothy made that sneering remark about it being "the same old dump."

THE trial opened on Sept. 16 before Supreme Court Justice Arthur S. Tompkins, with Coyne heading the prosecution and Sydney A. Syme the defense.

Coyne held that the crime had been premeditated and that the defendant, therefore, deserved death in the electric chair.

On the stand in his own defense, Peacox testified that, after Dorothy made that disparaging remark about the apartment, he had berated her for going with other men. He quoted her as retorting:

"Well, I'm getting more than you ever gave me."

"When she said that," he went on, "it flashed through my mind—the recollection of all that I had heard and all I knew and all I'd done for Dolly. A panorama of all that flashed through my mind and everything went black before me."

"The next thing that happened, I was sitting in a chair and there was a dead silence."

"I saw Dolly on the floor up against the piano. I said to myself, 'What have I done?'"

Medical experts for the defense testified that, in their opinion, Peacox had been the victim of an "emotional storm." That is, he had blown his top momentarily, but had recovered his reason and his sense of right and wrong as soon as he came to his senses after the killing.

Three prosecution alienists testified that the defendant was, in their opinion, an "average young man."

The jury considered the evidence for six hours, then decided that Earle Peacox had been guilty of murder in the second degree. (I.e., no premeditation.) Accordingly, he got 20 years to life.

Unquestionably, there was a wedding anniversary the husband should not have remembered.

Next week Peter Levins will tell another story from the Album of Famous Mysteries.

not far from Greenburgh, Mrs. Edith Rees, wife of a police officer, read the opening paragraphs of one newspaper account of the murder; then her gaze became riveted on a photograph of that fragment of house dress which the flames had not reached. That remnant of cretonne with its design of cornflowers and reddish leaves.

Mrs. Rees read some more, but her attention kept returning to the picture.

"Where have I seen that flowered design before?" she asked herself.

Suddenly she knew.

Some weeks previously, she had called on a neighbor, Mrs. Adelaide Heinzelman, who lived on Parkway Road. Mrs. Heinzelman had been making a dress for her pretty daughter, Dorothy—a cretonne house dress of this very same design!

Here were the developments that grew out of Mrs. Rees' discovery:

Mrs. Heinzelman positively identified the body as that of her daughter, Dorothy Heinzelman Peacox, aged 20, wife of Earle Peacox, a radio repairman, 21.

The girl's mother told the police that Dorothy and Earle had been married on April 21, 1928. They had gone to live in a furnished room in New York City, she said, but within a week they had taken up quarters with the Heinzelmans. They had remained there until July, when Dorothy went away on a five-week visit, while Earle again took a room in New York.

"Earle's a steady, sober and reliable boy," Mrs. Heinzelman related, "but he couldn't seem to find much work. Anyway, he worked only about four weeks during the time they were with me, and I guess that brought on the quarrel that separated them."

Late in the fall they had again "tried to make a go of it," taking a tiny apartment on Edison Ave., Mt. Vernon, but after only a few weeks Dorothy had told her mother that they simply couldn't get along.

You can afford this FM radio-phonograph beauty!

Yes you can...

Don't say you can't

...Here's why!

LET'S face it! Most people don't go shopping for radios in February. Too soon after Christmas.

But... suppose a value comes along that's just too good to pass up! You'll act anytime won't you?

This new Sparton radio-phonograph with FM is it!

It's got everything you want! A gorgeous high-style cabinet in choicest hand-rubbed mahogany veneers. Thrilling, static-free FM (Frequency Modulation) plus standard broadcast! Trouble-free automatic record-changer that holds enough records for a full hour of playing!

And these are only a starter. Study the features listed below. See if there's a single feature you want that these beauties don't have. Frankly, these superb radio-phonographs were intended to sell for much more—if they had been completed before Christmas.

But today the price is only **\$199⁹⁵***

COMPARE! See if you can match this radio value anywhere at the price... or even \$50 more. Hurry to your Sparton dealer's now. His name and address are on the facing page.

*All prices are slightly higher west of Rockies

The Sparks-Withington Co., Jackson, Mich.

STUDY CAREFULLY!

Check these features against those of any comparably-priced radio-phonograph on the market

Here's what you get!

RADIO

- Finest Sparton FM, plus standard broadcast
- Modern tilt-front
- Futura easy-to-read dial, edge-lighted
- Built-in Dipole antenna for FM
- Stabilized FM circuit
- Built-in "Giantenna" for standard broadcast
- Continuous tone selector
- High-speed station selector
- 10" concert speaker

PHONOGRAPH

- Trouble-free automatic record-changer
- Ample record storage space
- New scratch filter to eliminate needle talk



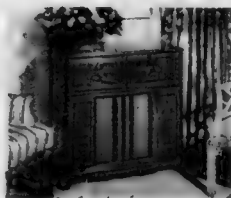
COMPARE this thrilling, new beauty with any other FM radio-phonograph on the market today. See if you can match it in beauty, performance, value. Note the workmanship in its handsome tilt-front cabinet, its hand-rubbed surface. Available in two finishes: Model 1037 in mahogany veneers (above); Model 1035 in modern blonde (at slightly higher price). Each a Sparton gem!



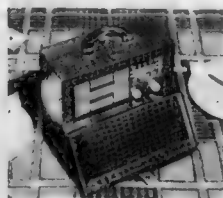
HURRY!

See your Sparton dealer. He's listed on the facing page — — — — —

Sparton
Radio's richest voice since 1926



STYLISH FM radio-phonograph. Model 10-BM-76-PA, in hand-rubbed walnut or mahogany veneers. Pull-out phonograph drawer. Only \$259.95.



PORTABLE Model 6AM06 in simulated leather finish. Featherweight, works on batteries or house current. Fine reception. Only \$34.95 less batteries.



TABLE Automatic, Model 201 in mahogany veneers. Has trouble-free, automatic record-changer, standard and short-wave reception, vacuum-lift lid. Only \$79.95

Your exclusive Sparton dealer has these bargains

YOU'LL FIND HIM LISTED HERE:

MASSACHUSETTS

Adams, A. C. Simmons
Amesbury, Almy Bigelow & Washburn Co.
Andover, Temple's Elect. & Rad. Shop, Inc.

Arlington, Arlington App. Center
Athol, Canedy's, Inc.
Attleboro, Johnny Siddle's
Ayer, Stones Radio Shop
Barre, George Vaidolas
Belmont, Belmont Radio & App. Co.
Beverly, Almy Bigelow & Washburn
Boston, R. H. White Co., Inc.
Braintree, Warren Radio Co.
Bridgewater, Bridgewater App. Co.
Brockton, Central Store, Inc.
Brookline, Brookline Cycle & Rad. Co.
Cambridge, Harvard Elect. App.
Chelsea, Maltzman Tire Co.
Clinton, Cogan Furn. Co.
Concord, Concord App. Co.
Danvers, Almy Bigelow & Washburn
Dedham, Patsy's Sales & Serv.
Easthampton, Manchester Co.
Everett, Burnetts Furn. Co.
Fall River, Ideal Radio Furn. Co.
Fairhaven, Day's Elect.
Fitchburg, Central Hardware Co.
Framingham, A. Simon & Sons, Inc.
Franklin, A. Simon & Sons, Inc.
Gardner, Binnalls Radio Shop
Gloucester, Norf. House Furn. Co.
Great Barrington, Western Auto Associates Store

Greenfield, John Wilson & Co., Inc.
Haverhill, Enterprise Stores, Inc.
Holliston, Holliston Garage, Inc.
Holyoke, Sharpe App. Co., Inc.
Hudson, Robinson Hardware Co.
Hyannis, Ed. Gosselin Radio Shoppes
Lawrence, F. J. Leone Co.
Lee, R. E. Allen
Leominster, Webber Furn. Co.
Lowell, Goumont Bros.
Ludlow, Auto Serv. & Radio Co.
Lyne, P. B. Magrane Co., Inc.
Malden, F. N. Jolin Co.
Marlboro, United App. Co.
Medford, Noba Co.
Middleboro, Shaws Radio Serv.
Milford, Supreme Radio
Natick, R. E. L. Furn. Co.
Newburyport, Earl B. Gurney
North Adams, Berkshire Furn. Co., Inc.
North Andover, Boston Store
Northampton, McCallum's Dept. Store
North Attleboro, B. & L. Radio Co.
Norwood, Son's Auto Supply Co.
Palmer, Parker Furn. Co.
Peabody, Almy Bigelow & Washburn Co.
Pittsfield, Berkshire Furn. Co., Inc.
Plymouth, John E. Jordan Co.
Quincy, Enterprise Stores, Inc.
Revere, I. Grand Furn. & Radio Co.
Rockland, Rome Bros.
Salem, Almy Bigelow & Washburn, Inc.
Scituate Harbor, South Shore Gas & Elect. Co.
Southbridge, Perron & Co.
Spencer, M. Lanouette & Co.
Springfield, Albert Steiger Co.
Stockbridge, Alf's Sales & Serv.
Stoneham, Wills Hardware Store
Taunton, Bristol County Radio Co.
Taunton, Central Radio Store
Uxbridge, Borron-O'Rourke Furn. Co.
Vineyard, Brooks H. Carter
Ware, Wakefield, Donato Radio Co.
Ware, Baker Furn. Co.
Wareham, Pierce Elect. Co.
Watertown, M. S. Gray

Webster, United Music Co.
Westfield, Supreme Radio Serv.
Winchester, Park Radio Co.
Winthrop, Deroo Elect. & Radio Shop
Woburn, Simons Automotive & Radio Co.

CONNECTICUT

Hartford, Tuckers
Manchester, Benson Furn. & Radio Co.
Mystic, Robinson Tire & Supply Co.
Thompsonville, Louis Chevrolet Corp.
Willimantic, Martin's

MAINE

Biddeford, Warren Furn. Co.
Brunswick, Eastern Gas & App. Co.
Caribou, Currier & Mockler
Farmington, New England Furn. Co.
Fort Fairfield, M. C. Locke Dist. Co.
Freeport, Warren & Soule
Gardiner, New England Furn. Co.
Lewiston, New England Furn. Co.
Livermore Falls, New England Furn. Co.
Norway, New England Furn. Co.
Oldtown, Goldsmith Furn. Co.
Rockland, House-Sherman, Inc.
Sanford, Warren Furn. Co.
Skowhegan, Griffin Auto Store
Thomaston, Studley Hardware Co.
Waterville, W. B. Arnold Co.
Westbrook, Warren Furn. Co.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Berlin, Top Appliances
Clermont, Agel-Corman Furn. Co.
Concord, Healey's App. Store
Conway, Webster's Radio Serv.
Derry, Radio Elect. Shop
Dover, J. E. Lathrop Piano Co.
Franklin, Greiner Furn. Co.
Hudson, New Hampshire Home Improvement Co.
Keene, Joseph M. Johnson
Lebanon, C. W. Schoolcraft
Littleton, Music Box
Manchester, Healey's App. Center
Milford, Healey's App. Store
Nashua, C. H. Austin, Inc.
New Market, Burke App. & Radio Center
Newport, Branson's Drug Store
Portsmouth, Chick's Motor Co.
Rochester, Rochester Hardware & Supply
Somersworth, Perreault's Furn. Store
Woodsville, Hill Elect. & Auto Acces.

RHODE ISLAND

East Greenwich, Brownings
Jamestown, J. T. O'Connell, Inc.
Middletown, J. T. O'Connell, Inc.
Providence, City Hall Hardware Co.
Providence, J. M. Savory, Inc.
Westerly, Westerly Furn. Co.
West Warwick, J. B. Archambault
Wickford, Pierce Radio & Sales, Inc.

VERMONT

Barre, Canlan's Barre Radio & App. Co.
Bennington, Maurice E. Rudd Co.
Brandon, Cecil Goodheart
Burlington, Huestis Plumbing & Heating Supply
Burlington, Agel-Corman Furn. Co.
Montpelier, Burns Elect., Inc.
Newport, Electric Shop
Orleans, Stevens Co.
Rutland, Leeds, Inc.
Waterbury, F. C. Luce Co.
White River Junction, C. W. Schoolcraft

Letters to the Editor

YOUR article "The Stigma Is Lifted From the 4 Fs" is superb. . . I was told that I had hernia and could not be accepted for any Army service, although I had always been athletic and never had a sick day except for a minor cold now and then. . . I went to three civilian doctors, none of whom knew me, and got written statements from them that I had no sign of hernia—but I was turned down for the Army and was labeled 4-F. Your article has done me a lot of good and I thank you from the bottom of my heart.

Harry Hodgkins,
Santa Barbara, Calif.

Please accept my compliments on that fine article "Everybody's Book" and the suggested daily Bible readings. It was the most Sunday-ish reading I've enjoyed in a long time.

Mrs. S. L. Hoke
Westminster, Md.

Some time ago you published a series of covers by Willy Pogany and stories by John Erskine on well-known fairy tales. I would appreciate it immensely if you could send me some copies of these features, as I wish to use them in my school work.

I just recently discovered how valuable your publication is for school, and we now use it regularly.

Margaret Lounsbury
Sandy Creek Central School
Lacora, N. Y.
(Copies sent.—Ed.)

I am most anxious to obtain one of those reprints of your recent article "Don't Let Baby Be a Dictator." I expect my first child next summer.

Mrs. R. W. Deming
Watertown, Mass.

(Any reader desiring a reprint of the above article can get one by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the editor.)

Recently you had an article titled "Three Girls and One Man." It was about Arthur Vermeer, the "one-man army" on Bataan.

My husband was on Bataan and in a Jap prison camp with Major Wermuth, and would like to read the article, as he did not get it when it was published. May I have a copy to send to him, as he is still in the Army—in Kansas at present.

Mrs. Forest E. Hoff
Slippery Rock, Pa.

(Copy sent.—Ed.)

I'm a young Canadian in my last year of high school. I read The American Weekly every week, and enjoy it very much. I'd like to get a copy of your "My Faith" booklet, because I'm trying to decide whether to enter teaching or the priesthood, and in either case, these articles should be of help to me.

Nicholas Cinquina
Cornwall, Ontario

(Booklet sent.—Ed.)

In writing to The Editor, address him care of The American Weekly, 20 West Street, New York 1, N. Y.

"Soaping" dulls hair—Halo glorifies it!



Yes, even finest soaps and soap shampoos hide the natural lustre of your hair with dulling soap film

• Halo contains no soap. Made with a new patented ingredient it cannot leave dulling soap film. • Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it, leaves it shimmering with glorious highlights. • Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse. Halo rinses away, quickly and completely! • Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, even in hardest water. • Leaves hair sweet, clean, naturally radiant! • Carries away unsightly loose dandruff like magic! • Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl! • Buy Halo at any drug or cosmetic counter.

Reveals the Hidden Beauty of Your Hair!



OUCH!
this Pain is Killing me!

New SLOAN'S BALM proved far more effective than other Leading Balms!



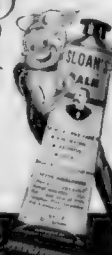
"SUPER-SLOAN" TO THE RESCUE!
WATCH ME BRING QUICK RELIEF FROM ACHES and PAINS!

MAN ALIVE, THAT FEELS GOOD! THE PAIN IS EASING UP ALREADY!

Here's Faster Relief for the Aches and Pains of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sciatica!

New SLOAN'S BALM relieves much faster. . . penetrates deeper. . . gives longer-lasting relief! Far more effective than other leading balms and rubs tested! Clean, pleasing aroma. For generous trial tube, send your name and address plus 10¢ to cover postage, to: Standard Laboratories, Inc., Dept. 101, 113 W. 18th St., New York, N. Y.

SLOAN'S BALM



Sparton

Radio's richest voice since 1926

THE SPARKS-WITHINGTON COMPANY
JACKSON, MICHIGAN



MY GOODNESS . . .
SUCH GOODNESS



Welch
QUALITY CANDIES

Al. Alden's Recipes in 'This Issue
Tell You How to Make Many
Puddings and Sauces.

3 Crochet Beauties EASY TO MAKE



STAR PEARL COTTON makes these
easy-to-crochet Toeless Slippers.
"New Baby Book" No. 55.



STAR DE LUXE Marcellized Crochet
and Knitting Cotton for this lovely
Maple Leaf Luncheon Set from
Book No. 45.



STAR 6-CORD Marcellized Crochet
is what you'll need to make this
pretty Pineapple Chair Back Set.
Book No. 46 "Chairbacks."



Offer three or more books. We will
include directions for this popular
"Terrier" rug, made of STAR Rug Yarn.
Always ask for STAR Brand Cottons.

American Thread Co., Dept. AW-2,
P. O. Box 1189, Grand Central Station
New York 17, N. Y.
No. 41 Edgings . . . No. 49 New Table
No. 44 Dollies . . . Designs
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No. 52 Afghan . . . No. 53 New Baby
No. 54 . . . Book
No. 55 For Holders
10¢ each

Name _____
Address _____
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State _____ Enclosed \$ _____ (10¢ each)

30 February 8, 1948

Lesson for Ladies

THE young man sitting alone at the restaurant table was just about to plunge his spoon into the steaming bowl, when a cloud of pale dust floated past his nose and settled in an iridescent film on top of the soup.

With the spoon still poised in his hand, he glanced over his shoulder. At the next table a sultry beauty was staring into a pocket mirror while she diligently patted her face with a large fluffy puff,



The Girl Took a Final Look at the Young Man Shaving at the Next Table and Flounced Angriily Out of the Restaurant.

powder billowing out in all directions.

With sudden decision, the young man beckoned to a waiter. "Hot water," he ordered firmly. "And make it fast."

With the hot water in front of him, he pulled out of his pocket a razor, brush and shaving cream. As calmly and unhurriedly as if he had been in the privacy of his own bathroom, the young man started shaving.

The murmur of conversation stopped while diners gasped and stared, then started up again with increased volume. Most of the men were grinning, and across the room one man clasped his hands together over his head in a silent "hovey."

One by one the women turned to look at the young man. Some flushed and quickly looked away again, some frowned and tightened their lips, others seemed on the point of calling the

manager, but none—none at all—was amused.

The girl at the table behind him was still too engrossed in her mirror—and her lipstick, by this time—to see the glances of the others, but finally she, too, turned to see why every body was staring.

She looked—and looked again. Then she threw the lipstick and mirror into her handbag, grabbed up her coat and flounced out of the restaurant, muttering angrily.

The young man, Tom Simmons, a newspaper reporter of Memphis, Tenn., had finally, a few weeks ago, gotten around to doing

what so many men have threatened to do—proceeding in public with the masculine equivalent of "putting on a face." He says that if the girls can do it in a restaurant, so can the men.

"I'm tired of watching them use cosmetics all over the place," he said. "The time I went prepared for revenge. And that powder in my soup—well, I decided it was time to prove whether I was a man or a mouse."

Tom's friends think he should have a vote of thanks from the entire male population for having the courage to do something more than voice a feeble protest against the feminine practice of doing in public what should be confined to the dressing room. In fact, they feel he's done such a service for men in general that they're practically pinning medals on him.

But what the ladies feel is something else—and most of it is not very polite.

\$1,000,000 Is Such a Worry

MOST people would consider themselves lucky to own a million dollars worth of real estate in a big city like Detroit. But to 83-year-old Michael Sprenger and his sister Elizabeth, 80, who actually own such land, it's just a headache.

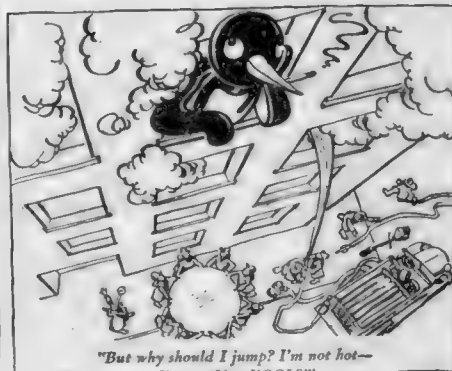
The Sprengers inherited their land many years ago, when industrial Detroit was just beginning to expand. As the value of their land grew, so did the Sprengers' worries. Since 1927 they've been going to court and changing a succession of lawyers with grabbing off undue portions of their estate. They have been so persistent, and live so frugally in spite of their wealth, that one judge recently advised them "Go home. Stay out of court. Enjoy your money."

But the Sprengers haven't heeded this advice. At their age, money means a little. It's the principle of the

thing that gives them a headache. For the details of their strange problems, read "\$1,000,000 Is Such a Worry" next week.

CORA URQUHART POTTER had "footlight fever" from the time she was able to talk. Because of the madness, this beautiful Southern belle wrecked her marriage, shocked 19th century society, failed as a mother and squandered a fortune. Until she died, she was too headstrong to admit that she was a failure as an actress.

One of her performances made a peculiar sort of history, however, when she scandalized a White House party with a daring and unconventional recitation. The story of a society girl who traded her birthright for a pot of grease paint is told in "Cora Potter's Footlight Fever" in next week's American Weekly.



"But why should I jump? I'm not hot—I'm smoking KOOL'S!"

Throat burned out? Mouth gone dry? Kool's the cigarette to buy! P. S. Feel "smoked out"? Then get that clean, Kool taste in your mouth!

A few shining minutes with
**NEW, IMPROVED
SANI-WAX**

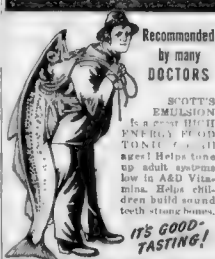
...and your entire home will have fresh gleaming beauty! Homogenized, Quick-Drying SANI-WAX cleans, waxes and polishes so easily a child can do it. Just wipe it on, then off...and the job's done!

always use **SANI-WAX** for
FURNITURE.. WOODWORK.. KITCHEN.. BATH

THE SANI-WAX COMPANY • Dallas, Texas



More than just
a **TONIC**—
it's Powerful
nourishment!



SCOTT'S EMULSION
HIGH ENERGY TONIC

There Are Patterns For These Diseases
Printed in the Picture
Figure in This Issue.

SUFFERERS FROM

PSORIASIS

If you are among this unfortunate number—try **SIROIL**, which tends to remove the crusts and scales which are external in character. Offered on a two-week satisfaction-or-money-refunded basis. Write for interesting booklet to—Dept. AW-21.

Siroil Laboratories, Inc., Detroit 28, Mich.

SIROIL

AT ALL DRUG STORES

GOOD-BYE TO

discomfort of
• SICK HEADACHE
• ACID INDIGESTION
• CONSTIPATION
due to ordinary sluggishness



Be Bright! Feel Right! TAKE **ENO**

Whenever you're headachy, sluggish, sour because of acid indigestion or late hours—quick—take sparkling Eno! You'll promptly help neutralize excess stomach acid, ease "full feeling" overnight! Next morning, take Eno as a speedy gentle laxative before breakfast. You'll feel radiant alive because of true inner cleanliness. Caution: Use only as directed.

EFFECTIVE DOUBLE ACTION!



ENOS

Relieve

Irritation of common

RASHES

AFTER bathing angry skin with the delightful lather of pure Resinol Soap, smooth on soothing, medicated Resinol Ointment. Enjoy quick relief from itchy, fiery stings. See why thousands rely on RESINOL for comfort.

RESINOL OINTMENT AND SOAP

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

so I carry TUMS!"
says Song Writer
JIMMY McHUGH



"Nothing gets a song writer out of tune quicker than acid indigestion," says Jimmy. "So Tums go with me everywhere . . . the fastest, surest, handiest relief I know."

Night and day, at home or
away, always carry Tums!



● Listen to Tums' "DATE WITH JUDY"
NBC Network every Tuesday night

For the Finger and Sauce Recipes
on the Almanac Page.

BACKACHE?

- Do you know the *proved* way to relieve the stabbing, nagging pains of muscular backache?
- Doctors have made tests with hundreds of people. Found that the plaster could be *paused* relief with Johnson's BACK PLASTER—the one product made specifically for relieving ordinary backache.
- *What it is:* This adhesive plaster contains a mild, *paused* medication that stirs up circulation.
- *How it helps you:* The plaster brings the healing and warming blood to the sore spot. Tense muscles relax. The pain ceases. The warming pain goes. The plaster chilling, supports twitching muscles, cuts down those jobs of pain.
- Made by Johnson & Johnson—known for fine surgical dressings—this is the *proved* Johnson's BACK PLASTER on hand and save days of agony. At all drug stores.

Do Teeners Want Canteens?

Here are some of their answers:

Gordon L. Green of the Navy, **Alleen Setter** of Tonawanda, N. Y., **Kenneth F. Kennelly** of San Antonio, Tex., **Catherine Al-**

John King, Evelyn Hill, Ann Wellin, Julia Fleming, Jane Brewer, Sandy Brunsdale, Margaret Drake, Marjorie Allenbach and Mary Turner, all of Washington, D. C., write that not many 17 and 18-year-olds would get excited about an evening street throwing darts and playing mild games.



One Canteen Flopped Because the Teeners for Whom It Was Opened Didn't Have to Work Hard to Start It and Keep It Going.

Esther Simon of Brooklyn, N. Y., James Gorman of Hingham, Mass., Kenneth Bradshaw of the Navy, Ann Luecke of Staten Island, N. Y., Dolores Z. Smith of Los Angeles, Calif., Joy LoBello of Vernon, N. Y., Janet McCough of Livestock, Ill., Barbara Thomas and Elouise Wills of Bell, Calif., are surprised that even 13 boys and girl's came to the party.

Lawrence Brzozowski of Yoakum, Tex., says that a canteen in his town flopped because "it was handed to us on a silver platter." His

John Ananian, of Arlington, Mass., takes a pessimistic view of canteens with their evenings of ice cream soft drinks and shuffle

Ann Garnett, 20, of Fredericksburg, Va., isn't much more hopeful about the adult-sponsored canteen. "The majority of teenagers don't want a place of their own," she writes. "Those

who do want such a place get it, and the ones who shout loudest about having no place to meet won't go to a teen-age function sponsored by a club, or by adults — and then they use the lack of canteens as an excuse to cover up their wrongdoing."

These comments present a rather bleak picture of the teen-age canteen. Let's hear about some that are popular and how they got that way. Write your letters to The Teen-Age Editor, The American Weekly, 63 Vesey St., New York 7, N. Y.

What Would You Do?

"I AM a girl 16," writes Avonne Foster of Yonkers, N. Y., "and I go with a boy who is only 15. The difference in our ages is not important to me, but my friends make fun of me and say I am old enough to be his mother. Their teasing hurts me deeply because I am very fond of this boy and I know his feelings would be hurt if I stopped going with him now."

"I would like to know what other girls would do in my situation. Would they go out with a fellow younger than they are, in spite of what their friends say? Or would they give up going places with the boy and keep on peaceful terms with their friends?"

What's the answer to this one, teeners? Write your letters to the Teen-Age Editor.

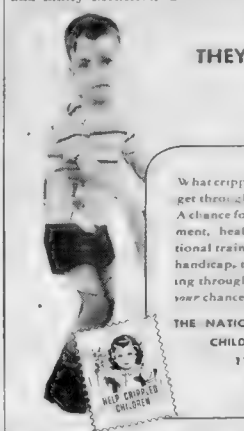
that's a job for "Comfy" and "Minty"
the MENTHOLATUM TWINS



Quick MENTHOLATUM

● When head-cold misery makes you gasp for air, and your nose feels raw and tender, reach for cooling, soothing Mentholatum and B-I-T-E-A-T-H-E! Mentholatum contains comforting Camphor and minty Menthol. These two

famous, fast-acting ingredients help thin out thick mucus, reduce swelling, soothe cold-inflamed membranes. Soon soreness eases up, your head starts to clear. Don't take head-cold misery lying down—keep *Mentholatum* handy. ALSO RELIEVES CHEST-COLD TIGHTNESS, NASAL IRRITATION AND CHAPPING

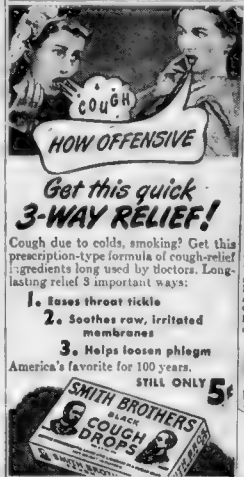


THEY WANT A

Chance!

What crippled children want, and what they get through Easter Seals, is a chance in life. A chance for proper medical care and equipment, healthful recreation, special vocational training. A chance to overcome their handicap, to lead useful, happy lives. Giving through the purchase of Easter Seals is your chance to give them a chance.

THE NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR CRIPPLED
CHILDREN AND ADULTS, INC.
11 South La Salle Street
Chicago 3, Illinois



**Chest Cold Misery
Relieved by Moist Heat of
ANTIPHLOGISTINE
POULTICE**

SIMPLE The *muscle heat* of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice relieves coughs, colds, sore throats, muscle soreness due to chest cold, bronchitis, asthma, and simple sore throat.

SIMPLE Apply ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice to the chest, not enough to be comfortable but feel the heat.

SIMPLE The *muscle heat* of chest muscle soreness. Does good, feels good for several hours.

SIMPLE The *muscle heat* of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice relieves pain due to a cold, simple sprain, bruise, or similar injury to joints, muscles, or tendons.

SIMPLE Apply ANTIPHLOGISTINE MEDICATED poultice to the chest, in tube or canister, and store NOW.

Antiphlogistine

MEDICATED POULTICE-DRESSING
*The White Package with the
Orange Band*



Sally Young Says We Look Our Best When We Feel Our Best. She Tells You Why in "Beauty Is Not Vanity," in This Issue.



SAXOLITE

Something new, a cosmetic show-down. Try it's new astringent and FEEL its firming sensation to tighten skin of face and neck. Finish your day toilet with a patting flourish of this astringent to remove dust as a powder base. Get acquainted with **Saxolite Astringent Cream** yourself and enjoy a new cosmetic thrill.

Sold at Cosmetic Counters Everywhere

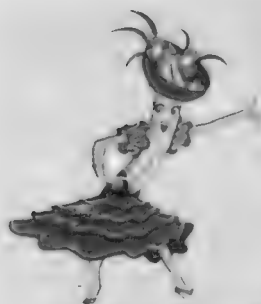
PEOPLE ARE RAVING!
—the way Cuticura helps
clear up blemishes

Blackheads and externally caused pimples usually yield to Cuticura Soap and Ointment in just 7 days. Try it!

For FREE Ointment sample, write Cuticura, Dept. A-203, Malden 48, Mass.

CUTICURA

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY



CHIQUITA BANANA SAYS:

BANANAS FOR BREAKFAST

with Cereal and milk



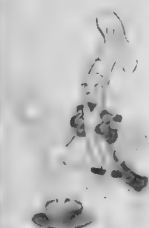
*Quick and
Easy*



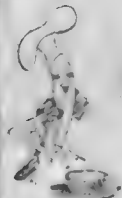
*Flavor
Pals*



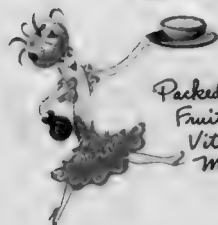
*Look! You get
5 Teaspoons
of Sugar
in one fully
ripe banana*



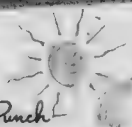
*"Topping"
on cereal -
bananas
flecked
with brown*



*For light,
or late,
suppers -
bananas
with cereal*



*Packed with Punch
Fruit Sugars
Vitamins
Minerals*



*A year-round
breakfast fruit*



*For hot cereal too -
sweet ripe bananas*



MOM..
Reach for
Me in the
Morning!



... and Treat Everybody to My
Quick-Cooking, Creamy-Smooth

QUAKER
Enriched
Farina

Look for me, using my spoon,
on that yellow and blue package!

You'll find that little folks
aren't the only ones who enjoy
that wonderful, smooth flavor of
easily digested Quaker Enriched
Farina. Let the whole
family sit down to big bowls of
America's favorite hot wheat cere-
al AT ITS BEST! Think of
the time you'll save by serving
everyone the same breakfast!

Thrifty Quaker Enriched Farina
is packed full of "Sun-
shine" Vitamin D, Food-Ener-
gy and other vitamins and min-
erals, too!

FOR NEW MOTHERS!



"Bringing Up Baby,"
now in its second edi-
tion, is being dis-
tributed by doctors
everywhere. Covers
feeding, care and
training, pre-natal
through romper age.
Yours for one
Quaker Enriched
Farina box top!

MAIL TODAY!

QUAKER Enriched FARINA
Box 1083, Chicago 77, Illinois
Please send me "Bringing Up
Baby." I enclose one Quaker
Enriched Farina box top.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....Zone.....State.....

Household Almanac

Amy Alden

AN increasingly popular
way of paying back
social obligations these days
is to have friends in just for
dessert instead of for a
whole dinner. It simplifies
the hostess' job and is easy
on the budget. During this
time of year choose a hearty
dessert that is attractive
and goes well in wintry
weather. Serve it with cof-
fee or a glass of wine in
your living room.

Fruit cottage pudding is
very festive prepared with
the kind of dried fruit you
like best and a sherry sauce
passed with it. For people
who are fond of chocolate
the choice of steamed puffs,
or chocolate nut pudding,
served with fudge sauce
makes a combination that
is hard to beat. For a
dainty dish for any
occasion try the white pud-
ding flecked with almonds
and its accompanying straw-
berry sauce.

You will find these des-
serts simple to make, but
for very best results and
fancy eating follow the di-
rections carefully.

Fruit Cottage Pudding

- 1 cup sifted cake flour
- 1 1/4 cups baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 tps. shortening
- 1/2 cup granulated sugar
- 1 egg, unbeaten
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/2 tsp. vanilla flavoring
- 3 cups sweetened, cooked fruit (plums, peaches, prunes, raspberries, apricots, etc.)

Sift flour, baking powder
and salt together 3 times.
Work shortening and sugar
until light. Add egg and
beat well. Add dry ingredi-
ents alternately in thirds
with the milk, to which
vanilla has been added, beat-
ing after each until smooth.
Place fruit in bottom of
greased 1 1/2 qt. casserole.
Pour batter on top of fruit,
bake at 350° F. for 60 min.
or till done. Serve hot with
sauce. Serves 6.

Sherry Sauce

- 2 eggs, separated
- 1/2 cup sifted confectioners sugar

Sherry to taste
Beat egg yolks with a
hand or electric beater until
thick. Then add 1/2 cup of
the sugar gradually, while
beating. Next beat the egg
whites until stiff, gradually
add the remaining 1/2 cup
sugar to them while beat-
ing. Combine the mixtures
by folding them together
carefully. Add sherry to
taste, and serve with hot
steamed pudding. Serves 6.

Steamed Chocolate Puffs

- 1 cup sifted flour
- 1 1/4 cups baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 tps. shortening
- 1 cup granulated sugar
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1 1/2 cups unsweetened chocolate, melted
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/2 tsp. vanilla flavoring

Sift flour, baking powder,
and salt together. Work
shortening and sugar until
light. Add egg, and beat
with a spoon. Add melted
chocolate and blend. Add

sifted dry ingredients alter-
nately with milk and van-
illa. Fill greased custard
cups half full. Place in a
steamer containing 1" of
boiling water, and steam 20
mins. Serve hot with sauce.
Serves 6.

Steamer Chocolate Nut Pudding

- 3 tps. shortening
- 1/2 cup granulated sugar
- 1 egg, well beaten
- 2 1/4 cups sifted cake flour
- 3 tps. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup milk
- 2 1/2 cups unsweetened chocolate, melted
- 1 tsp. vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 cup chopped walnuts

Work the shortening and
sugar until fluffy. Stir in
the egg. Measure and sift
together the flour, baking
powder and salt. Add to the
shortening mixture alter-
nately with the milk. Then
add the melted chocolate,
vanilla and nuts. Fill a 2-qt.
greased covered pudding
mold 3/4 full. Steam for
1 hr. in covered kettle
with boiling water 1/2 height
of mold. Serves 8.

Hot Fudge Sauce

- 1 tps. butter or
margarine
- 1 sq. unsweetened
chocolate
- 1/2 cup boiling water
- 1 cup granulated sugar
- 2 tps. white corn syrup
- 1/2 tsp. vanilla flavoring

Melt the butter, add
chocolate and stir over low
heat until chocolate is
melted. Then add boiling
water slowly, stirring con-
stantly, and bring to a boil.
Add sugar and corn syrup,
stirring until dissolved. Sim-
mer 5 min., then add vanilla
and salt. Serve hot over
pudding. Serves 6.

- 1/2 tsp. salt

Melt the butter. Add
chocolate and stir over low
heat until chocolate is
melted. Then add boiling
water slowly, stirring con-
stantly, and bring to a boil.
Add sugar and corn syrup,
stirring until dissolved. Sim-
mer 5 min., then add vanilla
and salt. Serve hot over
pudding. Serves 6.

Steamed White Pudding

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 cup granulated sugar
- 1 tsp. almond flavoring
- 1 1/4 cups sifted cake flour
- 1 1/2 cups baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup milk
- 3 egg whites

Work shortening until
creamy. Add 1/2 cups sugar
and almond gradually while
continuing to work with
spoon till light. Sift to-
gether next 3 ingredients.
Add in thirds, alternately
with milk, to shortening
mixture, beating with spoon
until smooth, after each.
Beat egg whites until stiff,
but not dry; add remaining
1/2 cup sugar, beating all
the while. Fold egg mixture
and folding it up and over
carefully into batter. Fill
greased custard cups 3/4 full.
Place in steamer with boil-
ing water up to 1" of tops
of custard cups. Cover with
waxed paper, and steam,
covered, on top of the
range, 30 min., or until
done. Serve with straw-
berry sauce. Serves 8.

heavy sauce. Serves 8.

Strawberry Sauce

- 3 egg yolks
- Pinch salt
- 1 tsp. vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 cup melted butter or
margarine
- 1 16-oz. package thawed,
quick-frozen sliced
strawberries
- 1 cup heavy cream,
whipped

Beat egg yolks until light.
Add salt and vanilla and
beat well; add melted but-
ter gradually, beating con-
stantly. Then add drained
strawberries with 1/4 cup
juice. Fold in cream sauce.

Foamy Lemon Sauce

- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1 cup sifted confectioners
sugar
- 1 egg, beaten
- Lemon flavoring to
taste

Work the butter and
sugar until fluffy. Then
beat in the egg and lemon
flavoring, and beat, while
stirring, over boiling water,
about 2 min. Serves 6.

Fig Pudding

- 1/2 lb (2 1/2 cups) chopped,
dried, whole figs
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 1 1/2 cups suet, chopped-fine
- 1 1/2 cups soft bread crumbs
- 3 eggs, well beaten
- 1 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 2 tps. baking powder
- 1 cup granulated sugar
- 1 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 3 tps. grated orange
rind

Cook figs with the milk
in a double boiler 20 min.
Combine suet, bread crumbs,
and eggs. Add cooked fig
mixture with sifted dry in-
gredients, mix well. Pour
into a greased, 2-qt. covered
pudding mold. Steam for 2
hrs. in a covered kettle with
boiling water 1/2 the height
of the mold. Serves 10
slices.

Amy Alden may be ad-
dressed at The American
Weekly, P. O. Box 151, Grand
Central Annex, New York 17,
N. Y. Send stamp, self-
addressed envelope.

A Festive
Chocolate Dessert
With a Delicate
Lemon Sauce.



PUDDINGS
and
SAUCES

SEND FOR THESE CHARTS!

Mark the charts desired; attach to a sheet of paper with
YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, plus a three-cent stamp for
EACH. Address: Women's Service Bureau, The American
Weekly, Box 582, Church Street Station, New York 7, N. Y.

ALMANAC RECIPES

- | | |
|---------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| (60) Gaylord Hanger Diet | (125) New Cakes |
| (61) Famous Recipes | (126) Breads and Sweets |
| (62) New England Recipes | (127) Favorite Pie Recipes |
| (63) Candy Recipes | (128) Pies and Pastries |
| (64) Quick Hot Breads | (129) Favorite Soup Recipes |
| (65) Pancakes and Roll-tops | (130) Meat for Family Meals |
| (66) Orator Recipes | (131) Quick-to-Ripe Dishes |
| (67) Waffles Tonight | (132) Delicious Vegetables |
| (68) Eggs for Every Meal | (133) New Vegetable Recipes |
| (69) Let's Eat Fish | (134) Almanac Potpie Recipes |
| (70) Casserole Recipes | (135) Popular Salad Recipes |
| (71) Quickly Prepared Meals | (136) Soups and Dressings |
| (72) Favorite Mexican Recipes | (137) Almanac Cookies |
| (73) Foreign Recipes | (138) New Cookies |
| (74) Almanac Bread & Rolls | (139) Children's Early Recipes |
| (75) Coffee Cakes & Doughnuts | (140) Delicious Chicken Recipes |
| (76) Favorite Hebrew Recipes | (141) Buffet Early Dishes |
| (77) Favorite Almanac Cakes | (142) Luncheon Fillers |
| (102) Favorite Puddings, Sauces | |

Look, Cook...it's Leap Year!

says Ann Pillsbury

WITH A BLUSH OF...

What were made as the spine to resist the Leap Year must do! Ah, the plump, steamy, juicy apple richness that lies in wait for all this more delicate of a pie crust! The breath of cinnamon is an

CINNAMON FLAVOR!

Ann Pillsbury's recipe. It's a real cinnamon flavor. You can't get it from the cinnamon sticks alone. You can get it from the cinnamon powder. You can get it from the cinnamon oil. You can get it from the cinnamon leaves. You can get it from the cinnamon bark. You can get it from the cinnamon twigs. You can get it from the cinnamon sticks. You can get it from the cinnamon powder. You can get it from the cinnamon oil. You can get it from the cinnamon leaves. You can get it from the cinnamon bark. You can get it from the cinnamon twigs.

Ann Pillsbury's DEEP DISH APPLE PIE

It's a tender, tender crust...it's a Pillsbury's Best crust!

Bake at 450° F. for 10 minutes, then 375° F. for 40 to 50 minutes. Makes 10 inch deep dish pie.

Melt 1 cup red cinnamon candies and 1/2 cup sugar in 1/2 cup water.

Combine 6 cups pared, sliced apples 1/2 cup Pillsbury's Best Enriched Flour 1/2 cup sugar 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg 1/2 teaspoon salt

Pour cinnamon syrup and 1 tablespoon lemon juice over apples. Spread until apples are coated with syrup.

Turn into 10 inch deep dish pie pan or shallow baking dish.

Dot with 2 tablespoons butter.

Cut in 1 cup shortening with pastry blender or 1 or 2 knives and particles in the size of small peas.

Add 2 to 3 tablespoons cold water and dough is moist enough to hold together.

Roll out to about 1/4 inch thick. Roll out rather to allow escape of steam.

Place crust over apples, trim edges. Seal by moistening edge of dish and fluting crust.

Bake in hot oven (450° F.) for 10 minutes, then at 375° F. for 40 to 50 minutes or until apples are tender.

Pastry
Sift together 1 cup sifted Pillsbury's Best Enriched Flour 1/2 teaspoon salt

NEW QUICK-MIX

You're feminine now—the perfect hostess with these delicate, dreamy petits fours. Think he won't sample 'em and while his admiration? They're as easy as they are elegant, and you Quick-Mix them,

HELP FOR CUPID!

Ann Pillsbury's way. Of course you'll want to use Pillsbury's Best so you're sure they're as smooth and light as you like 'em. Use Pillsbury's Best—*with* *the* you bake! From today on.

Ann Pillsbury's COURTSHIP CAKES

Make 'em in no time—spend time decorating them!

Bake at 350° F. for 20 to 25 minutes. All ingredients must be at room temperature. Makes 10x15 inch sheet cake.

Sift together 1 1/2 cups sifted Pillsbury's Best Enriched Flour 3 teaspoons double acting baking powder 1 teaspoon salt 1 1/2 cups sugar 1/2 cup shortening 1/2 cup milk

Beat for 2 minutes until batter is well blended. With electric mixer, on low to medium speed for same time.

Add 1/2 cup milk 1 teaspoon vanilla 3 egg whites, unbeaten for 2 minutes

Beat into fluffy mass, 1 min. 10x15 inch shallow pan.

Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) for 20 to 25 minutes. Turn out on cake rack; remove waxed paper. Cool.

Cut with fancy cutters or sharp knife into small squares, diamonds, hearts or any desired shape. Decorate as you choose, or with the following 1/2 cup Pillsbury's Best.

Petits Fours Frosting May be cooked while cake is baking as time can be allowed for syrup to cook. Combine 2 cups sugar, 1 cup water and 1/2 teaspoon cream of tartar. Cook over direct heat to 238° F. or a thick syrup. Pour into top of double boiler and cool to room temperature. Beat 1 egg white (110° F.) with 1/2 cup sugar. Add cooled syrup and beat until stiff. Add 1/2 cup Pillsbury's Best Enriched Flour and beat until smooth. Decorate with colored sugar, candied fruit, nuts or cream. 1/2 cup.

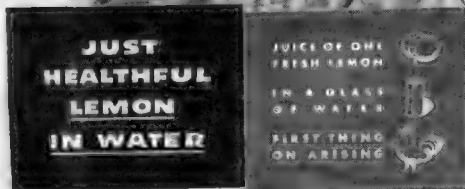
Brush your marks with Ann F. ... a lot of the ordinary baking ... found in every box.

Pillsbury's BEST XXXX Flour

ENRICHED FLOUR for BREAD BISCUITS PIES and CAKES PILLSBURY MILLS INC.

You Bake your Best with Pillsbury's Best

"Here's how I avoid harsh laxatives"



This simple fruit drink is all that most people need to insure prompt, normal elimination day after day!

Harsh laxatives irritate the digestive tract and impair nutrition! If you are like most people, you will not need such laxatives when you take a daily glass of lemon in water. It's not a purgative. It helps your system regulate itself. Lemon in water is good for you.

No fruit more healthful than lemons! Generations of Amer-

icans have taken lemons for health—and generations of doctors have recommended them. They're among the richest sources of vitamin C; supply valuable amounts of B₁ and P. They help prevent colds. They alkalize and aid digestion.

Not too sharp or sour, lemon in water has just enough tang to be refreshing; clears the mouth, wakes you up. Try lemon in water yourself! Take it daily when you first get up. Give it time to establish regularity for you.

LEMON in WATER first thing daily

California Sunkist Lemons



FIGHT COLDS WITH LEMON AND SODA

First day, drink a glass of lemon and soda every 2 or 3 hours. Take a hot lemonade to induce perspiration when you go to bed. Continue with lemon and soda 3 or 4 times a day while cold lasts.

Lemon and soda forms natural sodium citrate. Gives all vitamins of lemons, plus increased alkalinity.

To make lemon and soda: juice of 1 fresh lemon in a half glass of water; add—slowly—half teaspoon baking soda (biscarbonate). Drink as foaming quiesce.

True New England Flavor at its Delicious Best

Wonderfully meaty and tender, extra-satisfying. Baked (not stewed) the true, old-fashioned way, with pork and spicy sauces, slowly, thoroughly all day long. "Down East" in Portland, Maine.

Buckham & Morrill Company



The Epicure

CHEESE-CUCUMBER SOUP

By BEN IRVIN BUTLER

SOON after my birth in Indiana I developed a healthy appetite that became legendary in Hoosierdom. Since then I have found that food—its preparation as well as its consumption—can be a source of untold pleasure. Potatoes baked in embers and catfish from The Wabash River wrapped in green leaves, buried in the earth under a glowing fire gave me a good start.

One of my cooking secrets is to use grated Cheddar cheese as a seasoning. Small quantities in pastry, for example, make a delicious creamed chicken pie crust. My recipe for cucumber soup depends on cheese for its distinctive flavor.

- 1 medium onion, coarsely diced
- 1 tsp. butter
- 2 cups well-seasoned chicken broth
- 4 medium cucumbers, diced
- 1 bay leaf
- 1/2 tsp. dill seed
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup sharp Cheddar cheese, grated
- 1 cup thick sour cream
- 1 egg yolk

Saute onion in butter until translucent. Add cucumbers, bay leaf, dill seed, salt and onion to chicken broth. Heat over direct heat until boiling; lower flame and simmer 10-12 minutes, or until cucumber is tender. Remove bay leaf. Put chicken broth and cucumbers through a sieve; add grated cheese and heat over low flame until cheese has melted. Scald sour cream in top of double boiler over hot water. Stir into cucumber-broth. Remove from heat. Add egg yolk and stir until well



Ben Irvin Butler is Founder and National President of The Society of Amateur Chefs, an Organization Which Has on Its Roster Many Famous Men Who Like to Cook as a Hobby.

blended. Garnish with finely chopped chives or parsley, and serve hot. Makes about 7 cups. Serves 6.

Cheese Stuffed Celery

12 crisp celery stalks cut in 3" lengths
3 oz. blue cheese
3 oz. cream cheese
1 tbsp. minced onion
1/4 cup cream
Blend cheese, onion and cream until smooth. Fill each stalk with this mixture, round it up a little to look neat. Chill and serve.

Sew in Style



3872
SIZES
12-20

3884
SIZES
34-52

3872—Band sleeves and big pockets on an easy-to-sew dress. Sizes 12-20. 2 1/2 yds 39 in.; 2 yds contrast.

3884—Soft flattery in an afternoon frock. Flare sleeves, paneled skirt. Sizes 34-52. Size 36, 3 1/4 yards 39-inch.

3776—Graceful peplum dress with ray embroidery at neck. Jr. Miss sizes 11-17. Size 13, 3 1/4 yards of 39 inch material. Embroidery transfer included.

Price of each pattern TWENTY CENTS (in cash). Print plainly SIZES, STYLE, NUMBER, NAME, ADDRESS. Send orders to THE AMERICAN WEEKLY, Pattern Dept., Box 200, Station F, Brooklyn 30, N. Y.

Due to customs restrictions, Canadian orders cannot be filled.

Barbecue it... right in your broiler!



Just pour this rich, spicy barbecue flavor over meats... taste now and then, and... mmm.

FOR TANGY BARBECUE RECIPES Write: Glaser, Crandall Co., Chicago 6, Dept. J-2

Derby BARBECUE SAUCE

BEST AID FOR CLEVER COOKS

Derby Barbecue Sauce • Derby Hot Sauce • Derby Worcestershire



Many Alden's Recipes in This Issue Tell You How to Make Many Delicious Puddings and Sauces.

Prevent That TIRED FEELING*

Due to lack of thiamin in the diet. When you feel tired and all-in-life really isn't worthwhile. So do a thousands of happy, energetic people are doing. Take Nutrex to keep up your pep and avoid that tired feeling due to lack of thiamin.

Have the energy you want to do your day's work and enjoy your evenings besides. So don't put it off! Get Nutrex at your drugstore today without fail, and get results or you'll get your money back. Widely recommended by thousands of satisfied users everywhere. Buy the economy size Nutrex—it saves you 15%.

*For tiredness resulting from an organic condition, see your doctor.





- Lanolin's most beneficial elements... refined!
- Plus four special skin-softeners!
- Discourages tiny dry-skin lines.
- Smooths weather-dried skin!

FOR YOU—lanolin's softening, beautifying benefit! This rich, rich cream penetrates into pores of your skin. Brings an immediate feel of velvet softness. Apply nightly—see tiny dry-skin lines and flaky roughness look smoother...and you look younger! Get Woodbury's Special Dry Skin Cream—for lanolin's benefits, for penetrating softening.

Send postcard to Box 36, Dept. 449, Cincinnati 14, Ohio, for generous free sample Woodbury Special Dry Skin Cream. See its softening, beautifying benefits on your skin! Send now!

Woodbury Special Dry Skin Cream

CORN NIP?

Here's a tip!

BLUE-JAY with Nupercaine® RELIEVES 3 WAYS:

Soft Dura-Felt pad stops shoe pressure instantly! Blue-Jay's exclusive anesthetic Nupercaine® cures surface pain! Gentle medication loosens hard corns—just lift it out in a few days! Ask for Blue-Jay—America's largest Selling Corn Plaster.

Step 1. Step 2. Step 3. See by G.M.



OILY, DIRTY SKIN making you blue?

Well, cheer up! If your face is blotchy with blackheads and other superficial skin blemishes, you need the famous Pompeian way to a clearer complexion. Here's all you do: First, apply hot towel. Then rub that clean, pink Pompeian Milk Massage Cream on your face. See! It rolls off a dirt-cover. It removes the surface accumulation of oily dirt from pore orifices, and aids in the mechanical removal of blackheads. Now look in the mirror! Your face glows with the healthy look that massage and good circulation produce. Put your best face forward with Pompeian Milk Massage Cream! At all toiletry counters.



BEAUTY IS NOT Vanity



By Sally Young

WE ALL know that we look our best when we feel our best. But have we ever stopped to realize how much better we feel, how our morale is bolstered, when we keep up our appearance?

Doctors have long been aware of the interplay of mind and body. A noted psychiatrist says he has encountered numerous cases where the inner self shapes the outer, and vice versa. In one case an attractive young matron began to neglect her appearance—no lipstick, a shiny nose, a bleak expression. These, he asserted, were only outward signs of an unresolved emotional problem.

Conversely, a complexion trouble can cause an inferiority complex—and in such a case the outer self shapes the inner.

So make the most of your looks, and to do that requires regular exercise, a well-balanced diet and sufficient sleep. Both physicians and psychiatrists then suggest that you watch your thinking processes, too. Are you tolerant, do you have a sense of humor, do you have outside interests and hobbies? Your thoughts show on your face, too, you know.

Now that you know that beauty is not mere vanity, now that you know of this outside-inside interplay, you may be interested in a new facial treatment which has been developed by a nationally known cosmetic house,

working with distinguished dermatologists.

The steps of this treatment are:

1. Dip a washcloth in comfortably hot water, wring it out and press it against your face. (This brings a flow of blood to your skin and helps carry away impurities.)
2. Without drying, cover the entire face thickly with cold cream, massaging it over the warm damp skin with light upward strokes. (Both stimulating and cleansing.)
3. Remove the cream carefully with tissues.
4. Apply cold cream again.
5. Tissue this off.
6. Splash on refreshingly cold water. And—
7. As a final touch pat on skin freshener, using a cotton pad wrung out of cold water.

This treatment tones, cleanses and softens the skin, the blood is roused by warmth and massage, and the cold water and freshener give you an invigorating glow that makes the world more pleasant for you—and for those you meet.

For best results try this regimen twice a day. It's sound beauty insurance. And beauty insurance is essential to inner grace, personality and a woman's well-being.

Sally Young may be addressed at The American Weekly, Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SEND FOR THESE CHARTS

Mark the charts desired; attach to a sheet of paper with your NAME AND ADDRESS, plus a three-cent stamp for EACH. Address: Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, Box 385, Church Street Station, New York 2, N. Y.

BEAUTY

- ☐ (1) Skin Care
- ☐ (2) Teen-Age Beauty Guide
- ☐ (3) How to Defend Yourself
- ☐ (4) How to Trim Your Figure
- ☐ (5) A Guide to Shapely Legs
- ☐ (6) For Beautiful Hair
- ☐ (7) Hand Care
- ☐ (8) 5-Day Diet
- ☐ (9) Lose or Gain by Exercise
- ☐ (10) Banish Superfluous Hair
- ☐ (11) Face, Throat and Neck Massage
- ☐ (12) Hair Styles for You

BEWARE OF BLEEDING GUMS

A 'sneak thief' of your beauty!



4 OUT OF 5 can have GINGIVITIS and not even suspect it

If your gums bleed even a tiny bit when you brush your teeth—watch out. Bleeding gums are one of the slyest enemies of sound, beautiful teeth.

So don't use a product to merely clean teeth. Instead, see your dentist and start AT ONCE—use 'double-purpose' Forhan's for gum massage and cleaning teeth, too. This Forhan way is famous to curb bleeding gums and help gums be firmer with an alluring rosy pinkness—you'll be delighted the way Forhan's cleans teeth that look dingy and yellow to a radiant sparkling cleanliness. Be proud to show your teeth and gums.

No other dentifrice contains the Forhan formula. No other paste, powder or liquid has it. Yet Forhan's costs no more.

Beautiful Teeth Need Firm Gums

If you want to keep your teeth beautiful and healthy—never neglect bleeding gums. This is often the first sign of gingivitis—a common gum inflammation, which neglected often leads to dreaded pyorrhea. Only your dentist can help pyorrhea. See him. Then at home start using 'double-purpose' Forhan's today!

Use 'double-purpose' Forhan's

For Cleaner Teeth and Gum Massage



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Flattering 1948 look
Top-notch quality
Exceptional value

The GIBSON GIRL checks in to stay—check in to top the fashion parade for 1948.

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Remember this After 35



How your age affects regularity!



Your good common sense will tell you that after 35 your system naturally slows down. And your present laxative may no longer be suited to your system. That's why you should try Serutan, which is especially designed for folks your age.

How Serutan Helps You
Serutan gives such wonderful relief for folks over 35 because it contains no chemical laxatives... no harmful roughage. It's entirely different from pills,

salts or oils. Serutan gives you vegetable hydrogel like that in certain naturally laxative fruits and vegetables which help keep you regular.

Serutan For Daily Regularity
Take Serutan with a glass of water, morning and night to help keep you regular... the way you want to be. Or sprinkle Serutan in your soup, cereal or fruit juices. Get Serutan at your drug or health food store *today*. You'll be glad you did!

2 teaspoonfuls of Serutan  gives you hydrogel* equal to that in (approx.)



*The water absorbing portion of the non-digestible carbohydrate residues of fruits and vegetables known technically as hemicellulose.



AFTER 35.-
SERUTAN
"Read it Backwards"

TUNE IN—Gabriel Heatter, great news analyst
—Mutual Network; Tues. and Thur. 9 P.M. E.S.T.
Victor H. Lindlahr—noted food commentator,
Mutual Network; Mon. thru Fri. 12:15 P.M. E.S.T.

Kitchen Work Centers *By Doris Denison*

RECENTLY in this column, we discussed the practical arrangement of major appliances in various types of kitchens. This is the first step in kitchen replanning. The next step is to organize a work center around each appliance—a storage and food mixing center near the refrigerator, preparation and cleanup centers at the sink, and cooking and serving centers at the stove.

When you are sorting your utensils and planning space for them, keep in mind that the underlying purpose of this arrangement is to have the proper utensils at hand for every job. As you consider each piece, ask yourself where its place of first use is—at the sink? Or at the stove?

In some instances it will be convenient to have two sets of certain small utensils and popular seasonings—one set at the stove, and the other at the preparation center.

Storage and Food Mixing
THE storage and food mixing center has two main elements, the refrigerator, which should be placed near the outside delivery door,

and an adjoining counter surface at least three feet long, and preferably longer.

Foods taken from the refrigerator to use in preparing the meal and for mixing and baking are placed on this handy counter. Cabinets above and below the counter should hold such things as staple goods, spices, flavorings, mixing bowls, cake and pie tins,

measuring cups and spoons, egg beater, rolling pin, knives, large spoons, spatula, and a chopping bowl. Sufficient space and an electric outlet should be provided for an electric mixer.

Preparation and Cleanup

THE sink is the center of the preparation and cleanup area. Here are stored all the utensils needed for preparing and cooking vegetables and fruits as well as bins for storing vegetables and fruits not kept in the refrigerator. Also needed near the sink are dishwashing equipment, soap powder, fish towels, dish cloths, wastebasket, and garbage container (unless the sink is equipped with an electric garbage disposal unit).

Dish cupboards should be near the drainboard side of the sink so that you can put away dishes after drying without taking needless trips across the kitchen.

Cooking and Serving

THE cooking area is reserved for supplies and utensils needed at the stove and in serving a meal. A serving counter at least 2 feet long provides space for dishing up food.

Pots and pans should be stored near the range, as well as serving platters, serving tools, potholders, frying pans, potato masher, tea and coffee pot, double boiler, and teakettle.

Foods used directly at the stove should have their own shelf. These include tea, coffee, cereals, and seasonings.



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Doris Denison may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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February 8, 1948



2. You use it as a dry iron, too! You can switch from steam to dry ironing and back again with a twist of the control knob. You never need remove water!



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3. That professional touch! You glide this new General Electric Iron over fabrics that once were a problem—such as linens! This iron has no bulky boiler!



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THE AMERICAN WEEKLY 39

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